

Zion's Herald.

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Zion's Herald.

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THE CURRENT ISSUE.

Is an interesting and lucid article on the first page
this week, Rev. H. Hewitt explains the "Origin of the
Westminster Confession of Faith."
"Uncle John's" seventh letter treats delicately and
judiciously of matters of the highest importance to our
young men in school and college.
On the second page we are gratified to call the
reader's attention to the graphic and delightful
portraiture of "John Wesley," by Professor Charles J.
Little, of Syracuse University—the first half of the
lecture delivered before the Lowell students, Feb. 10.
That there was "Gentile Blood in Christ," is
affirmed and substantiated by Rev. M. V. B. Knox in a
recent paper.
Dr. F. E. Clark, president of the Y. P. S. C. W., de-
clares that the Christian Endeavor Society is "Not
antagonistic" to the Epworth League, or any other
young people's organization.
The remainder of Rev. W. F. Stoddard's article on
"Your Home and a Friend" will be read with
interest especially by those who have visited the points
described.
Rev. W. F. Oldham answers some inquiries and ob-
jections that have been raised in regard to "The
Malaya Mission;" and Dr. E. W. Parker gives an
encouraging account of the successful "Bible Land
Camp-meeting in India."
If "A Dream of Home," by Julia A. Tirrell, suc-
ceeds in calling the attention of some of our "over-
seas" people to a quite serious menace to home
life, great good may result to parents and children.
Everett H. Scott describes in entertaining way "An
afternoon in Slater Museum;" and "What 'Cousin
Fanny' Thinks About It" is told in a few vivacious
paragraphs.

The Outlook.

Trouble is brewing in Korea. King Li Hi is
too progressive, too Western, in his tastes to
suit his subjects. They have, been too long
shut in, and are too heavily weighted with
Chinese influence and conservatism, to follow
submissively in the steps of their King. Li Hi
would declare his people independent of China
and Americanize them as rapidly as possible,
if they would give him their support. As it is,
however, he has only provoked a widespread
conspiracy, particularly among the ruling class,
which threatens to cost him his throne and
life, and remand Korea, for a time at least, to
its former "hermit" condition.

If the bill to establish a Court of Patent Ap-
peals, which was approved last week by the
House Judiciary Committee, be adopted by
Congress, not only will the overburdened
Supreme Court be relieved of a vexatious class
of litigation, but also the values and validity
of patents will be more speedily deter-
mined, to the great advantage of both the
public and the patentees, and legal principles
of procedure in the Patent Office will be
definitely and authoritatively established.
More clerks will no longer presume to inter-
pret law. The public will not be compelled
to pay unnecessary royalties for three or four
years pending a decision of the Supreme
Court that the patent ought never to have
been issued. The measure provides for five
justices, at a salary of \$7,500 each per year.
The Court is to have final appellate jurisdic-
tion in all cases touching patents, trade
marks, copyrights or labels.

In Idaho as well as in Utah Mormonism has
received its political death-blow. Citizens in
that Territory, when about to register, must
affirm that they are neither bigamists nor
polygamists, and that they are not members
of any order which practices or encourages
plural marriages. A test case was made as
to the constitutionality of this requirement
and argued before the Supreme Court of the
United States. The point was made by coun-
sel that the statute requiring the test oath
was a law respecting an establishment of re-
ligion, and therefore unconstitutional. The
Court decided adversely to the petitioner. In
rendering its opinion Justice Field said:—

"It is assumed by counsel of the petitioner that,
because no mode of worship can be es-
tablished or religious tenets enforced in this
country, there are any form of worship may
be followed and any tenets, however destruc-
tive of society, may be held and advocated,
if asserted to be a part of the religious doc-
trines of those advocating and practicing
them. But nothing is further from the truth.
Crime is not the less odious because sanc-
tioned by what any particular sect may designate as
religion."

This is a most lucid and righteous render-
ing. Mormons in Idaho are disfranchised by
it.

Emperor William is devoting his energies,
just now, to the amelioration of the condi-
tion of his working people. He takes the
position that the State ought to regulate the
duration and nature of labor so as to ensure
the health, morality and adequate compensa-
tion of working-men, and maintain their rights
before the law. He would have the work-
men select representatives from their own
body to bring their grievances to the notice
of their employers or of the government. In
this way the authorities of the State would
be able to inform themselves in a very direct
way of the condition of the working people,
and thus keep in touch with their activities
and sentiments. As to the mines, the source
of so much discontent, the Emperor would have
them developed into "model establishments."
Nor is he content with planning for his own
people alone. He would invite France, En-

gland, Belgium and Switzerland to come to an
international agreement with Germany with a
view to meeting the needs and wishes of
workmen as developed in the recent strikes
and labor disputes. It will be seen that the
Emperor has laid out for himself a most
worthy but gigantic task. His previous suc-
cesses, however, particularly in settling the
great Westphalia strike last year, is a good
omen.

The "financial equilibrium" in France is
extremely sensitive. The government ought
not to disturb it—so many cabinets have
gone to pieces on the "budget" question.
And yet M. Tirard and M. Rouvier have
urged upon the Chamber the necessity of
finding fresh resources, of contracting a fresh
loan, for the national defence. No demand is
made for the present year; but for 1891 Ad-
miral Krantz, the Minister of Marine, proposes
important additions to the navy—seventy-
eight new vessels in all, of which fifty-four
are to be torpedo-boats of various types. The
military establishment also has demands in
reserve. But the money must come, whether
the present cabinet be imperiled or not.
France must measure up, in warlike resources
and readiness, to her alert foes, even though
the effort result in national bankruptcy.
There is no alternative except international
disarmament, and no power has the courage
to propose that.

Within the past fourteen years four great
events in our national history have reached
their centennial anniversaries and have been
singly commemorated. These were the
signing of the Declaration of Independence,
the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the
adoption of the Constitution, and the inau-
guration of the country's first President. The
fifth and last of the series—the establish-
ment of the Supreme Court of the United
States one hundred years ago—was celebrated
in New York city last week by a notable
assembly of the leading jurists, lawyers, and
foremost citizens of the land. The absence
of President Harrison and his cabinet, de-
tained in Washington by the serious afflictions
that have befallen the families of Secretaries
Blaine and Tracy, was the only drawback to
an occasion of most impressive dignity.

On the platform of the Metropolitan Opera
House, which was decorated with tropical
plants, flags, bunting, and the portraits of the
seven deceased chief justices, sat the present
members of the Supreme Bench clad in their
official robes, ex-President Cleveland, who
presided on the occasion, and a large number
of lawyers and judges from different States.
Historical and critical addresses were made
by William Allen Butler, Henry Titchcock,
of Missouri, T. J. Semmes, of Louisiana, and
ex-Minister E. J. Phelps, which were respon-
ded to, on behalf of the Court, by Associate
Justice Field. The exercises were interspersed
with music. In the evening a banquet was
given to the Judges in the Lenox Lyceum,
which was attended by a thousand persons.

By fair means or by foul, Russia is determined
to force Prince Ferdinand from the throne of
Bulgaria. She has tried threats, intrigue,
diplomacy—all in vain thus far. Ferdinand
has proved a good ruler and richly deserves
the success he has won. The majority of his
people believe in him and stand by him. Were
it not for Russian hostility, the distracted
little kingdom would enter upon a career of
great prosperity. This prospect makes Rus-
sia all the more impatient. Her latest resort
was a plot to accomplish her purpose by as-
sassination. A noisy quarrel among the con-
spirators led to its discovery. The ringlead-
er, Major Panitz, and four accomplices were
arrested and shot. Ferdinand has escaped this
time, but he must feel that he is paying a
heavy penalty for his royal title.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian
Church meets in Saratoga in May. The
struggle over credal revision which has been
going on in the different presbyteries will be
transferred to that body, and the question
will probably be settled whether the doctrines
of fore-ordination, election and reprobation,
in the bold and uncompromising statements
of the past, shall be retained without change
in the Presbyterian Confession. It looks now
as though two chapters of that Confession
will certainly be revised; and two others will
probably be modified. The overture for a
new Creed, which will come up from the New
York Presbytery, will very likely receive
favorable attention. It was adopted at the
conclusion of the twelve days' debate in that
Presbytery, and is as follows:—

"Furthermore, as germane to the object
which the Assembly had in mind in referring
these questions to the Presbyteries, your
committee recommends that this Presbytery
send to the General Assembly the following,
viz.:—
"The Presbytery of New York respectfully
overtures the General Assembly to invite the
co-operation of the Presbyterian and Reformed
Churches of America and of Great Britain and
Ireland to formulate a short and simple creed,
couched so far as may be in Scriptural lan-
guage, and containing all the essential and
necessary articles of the Westminster Con-
fession, which creed shall be submitted for ap-
proval and adoption as the common creed of
the Presbyterian and Reformed churches."

"We believe that there is a demand for
such a creed, not as a substitute for our Con-
fession, but only to summarize and supple-
ment it for the work of the church. We
would, and we must, retain our Standards,
which we have as our family inheritance, and
as the safeguard of our ministry and of our
institutions. But a brief and comprehensive
creed, at once interpreting and representing
those Standards, would be welcomed by our
churches as most helpful and beneficial for
the exposition of what we have meant through-
out these years by 'the system of doctrine
taught in the Holy Scriptures.' We want no
new doctrine, but only a statement of the old
doctrines made in the light and spirit of our
present Christian activities, of our high priv-
ileges, and of our large obligations—a state-
ment in which the love of God, which is in
Christ Jesus our Lord, shall be central and
dominant."

Contributed Articles.

THE LATEST FROM THE VATICAN.

PROFESSOR H. C. SHELTON.

THE recent encyclical of Leo XIII., dated
January 10, 1890, may properly be de-
scribed as a hortatory appendix to the Vatican
decrees published in connection with the last
council. It is a call to Roman bishops
and teachers throughout the world to join ear-
nestly and courageously in inculcating the
Ultramontane dogmas. The character of these
dogmas, which the faithful are expected to
carry forward to a practical enthronement,
may be understood from the following ex-
tracts. We translate from the Latin in the
Osservatore Romano, at the same time compar-
ing it with the Italian version:—

"No one can serve two masters. If the one is
obeyed, the other must of necessity be discarded.
Now, as to which should be preferred, no one ought
to doubt. Evidently it is a crime to forsake obedi-
ence to God for the sake of satisfying men, it is im-
pious to break the laws of Jesus Christ that one may
obey magistrates, or, under pretext of conserving
civil rights, to violate the rights of the church. . . .
If the laws of a commonwealth are openly at variance
with divine right, if they involve any injury to the
Church, or contradict religious duties, or violate the
authority of Jesus Christ in the supreme pontiff, then
truly to resist is duty, to obey is crime."

"The office of preaching, that is of teaching, is a
gift which rests by divine right with the masters,
whom the Holy Spirit has set as Bishops to govern
the Church of God, and especially with the vicar of
Jesus Christ, the Roman pontiff, placed with supreme
authority over the universal church, the teacher pre-
siding over questions of faith and conduct—*creden-
dorum, agendorum magistrum*."

"To decide what doctrines have been divinely de-
livered, pertains to the church in its teaching func-
tion, to which God has given the custody and inter-
pretation of His oracles. But the supreme master, or
teacher, in the Church, is the Roman pontiff. As
therefore a union of minds requires perfect agree-
ment in one faith, so it requires that will be entirely
subject and obedient to the Church and the Roman
pontiff, not otherwise than to God."

"In establishing the limits of obedience, let none
think that the authority of the sacred pastors, and
especially of the Roman pontiff, is to be obeyed in
that only which pertains to dogmas. . . . This be-
sides is to be included in the duties of Christians, that
they allow themselves to be ruled and governed by
the authority and guidance of the bishops, and espe-
cially of the apostolic see. . . . Both that which
ought to be believed and that which ought to be done
the Church by divine right teaches, and in the Church
the supreme pontiff. Wherefore the pontiff ought to
be able to judge, in accordance with his authority,
what the divine oracles contain, what accords, and
what disagrees, with them; and in like manner to
show what things are honorable, what are base."

While the document contains no open refer-
ence to specific political issues, it com-
mends those who are ready to descend into the
arena, and to contend courageously for the
interests of the church; "who seem to under-
take something worthy of ancient valor, when
they strive to defend religion against that
most audacious faction, born to vex the Chris-
tian name, which ceases not hostilely to pur-
sue the supreme pontiff, forced into subjec-
tion to its power."

The Encyclical ought to be agreeable to all
consistent Romanists. As not a few of them
have declared, the voice of the Pope is to
them nothing less than the voice of God.
In this view, it is of interest to know how
many consistent Romanists there are in the
world, how many reliable henchmen are in-
cluded in the ranks of Vaticanism. Probably
the number is sufficient to provide some se-
rious work for the coming age. At any rate,
it is the part of prudence for those who are
not willing to be enslaved to the irresponsible
sovereignty of a fellow mortal to grid them-
selves for the contest. If it is worth while to
save Christianity to the race, it is worth while
to fight Vaticanism with any and every effec-
tive weapon in the arsenal of history, reason,
and gospel.

ORIGIN OF THE WESTMINSTER CON- FESSION OF FAITH.

REV. H. HEWITT.

IT is difficult to think of any period in the
history of modern England more interest-
ing to the student than that which produced
the "Westminster Confession of Faith." It
was an epoch of great scholars, thinkers,
poets, philosophers, statesmen. Some of the
nobles and most enduring achievements of
the human intellect in solid learning, law,
and jurisprudence; in theology, philosophy,
poetry, and general literature, belong to it.
For the most calm and comprehensive style
of statesmanship, for a deep and genuine
patriotism, for the loftiest type of parlia-
mentary eloquence, and for soldierly skill and
courage, it has rarely been equaled. It was
an age whose beginning had been made illu-
strious by the labors of Hooker, Bacon, and
Shakespeare; whose close was equally marked
by the thought and energy of such men as
Elliot, Pym, and Hampden in Parliament;
Coke and Selden in the law courts; Cromwell
and Fairfax in the field; Milton in the realm
of poetry and polemics; and Baxter, Howe,
and Henderson in dogmatic theology. Nor
did the human soul display less facility in the
development of those faculties and powers on
which its moral grandeur and majesty mainly
depend. The spiritual and religious life of
the period was deep and vigorous. From the
wilds of Virginia John Robinson, pastor of
the colonists there, wrote to the courageous
little band of emigrants who were to sail in
the "Mayflower" for Massachusetts Bay:
"We are well weaned from the delicate milks
of the mother-country and inured to the dif-
ficulties of a strange land. The people are
industrious and frugal. We are knit together
as a body in a most sacred covenant of the
Lord, of the violation whereof we make great
conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold
ourselves strictly tied to all care of each
other's good and of the whole. It is not with
us as with men whom small things can dis-

courage." It was a period which saw the
beginning, progress, crisis, and conclusion of
that hazardous game on which were staked
the destinies of the English people—a game
played on the side of the House of Commons
with great keenness and yet with admirable
dexterity, coolness, and perseverance. At the
head of that assembly were men who looked
far behind them and far before them; and
when the opportune moment arrived in their
struggle with the tyrant who occupied the
throne of England, they did not hesitate to
seize it and turn it to account. In 1643 the
confidence of Scotland in the word and honor
of King Charles had been as thoroughly
shaken as had that of England. The people
beyond the Tweed saw clearly that the man
who was endeavoring to stamp out the spirit
of constitutional liberty in Westminster
would, if he succeeded, next strike a fatal
blow at the government in Edinburgh, and
that would bring the triumph of "black
prelacy," in its worst form, into the land of
Knox.

After two years of fratricidal strife and
ever-fluctuating fortunes, the Parliament, led
by Pym, resolved to fling the sword of Scot-
land into the wavering balance. Sir Harry
Vane, who had been sent to Scotland to ar-
range for a joint signing, by the two king-
doms, of the

"Solemn League and Covenant."

found the Scotch ready to listen to his pro-
posals, and on the 25th of September, 1643,
the English Commons, "with uplifted hands,"
in presence of the Scotch commissioners,
pledged themselves by solemn oath in St.
Margaret's Church, Westminster, to "bring
the churches of God in the three kingdoms to
the nearest conjunction and uniformity in
religion, confession of faith, form of church
government, direction of worship, and cate-
chizing; that we and our posterity after us
may as brethren live in faith and love, and
the Lord may delight to live in the midst of
us." It was further covenanted to root out
"popery, prelacy, superstition, schism, and
profaneness;" to "preserve the rights and
privileges of the Parliament and the liberties
of the kingdom;" to "punish malignants and
opponents of reformation in Church and
State;" to "unite the two kingdoms in a firm
peace and union to all posterity." The cove-
nant concludes with the avowal: "Our true,
unfeigned purpose, desire, and endeavor for
ourselves and others, under our power and
charge, both in public and private, in all
duties we owe to God and man, is to amend
our lives, and each to go before another in
the example of a real reformation."

The work of the committee appointed in
May, 1643, to prepare a

"Confession of Faith."

met with more encouraging success. In No-
vember, 1646, they reported their task accom-
plished and the "Confession," which owed
its final form largely to the influence of the
Scotch Commissioner, Alexander Henderson,
received the approval of both houses of Par-
liament. During the eighteen months of the
committee's labors there had been a full and
masterly discussion over the whole field of
dogmatic and polemical theology, as the Min-
utes of the Assembly, published in 1874, from
an original manuscript by Professor Mitch-
ell, of Aberdeen, clearly show.

On the arrival, however, two months after
the opening of the five members and three
lay elders sent by the General Synod of the
Church of Scotland, the twenty members be-
longing to the Episcopal Church withdrew,
leaving the Presbyterian element of the As-
sembly decidedly predominant. An unavailing
attempt was made to supplant episcopacy
in England. It was charged that the liturgy
used in the Church of England had
"proved an offense to the godly at home and
also to the Reformed churches abroad;" that
it provoked dissent, alienated many good
and pious ministers, confirmed many per-
sons in the love of popery, and kept alive the
expectation that the whole church would
again revert to the Pope." The Parliament,
however, refused to approve either the Pres-
byterian system of church government or the
new "directory for public worship."

Such was the ambitious programme of doc-
trinal, ecclesiastical and social reform which
it was the hope of the Parliament, and the
"Assembly of learned and godly divines" which
had called together, to carry out. The As-
sembly, when opened on the 1st of July,
1643, with a sermon by Dr. Wm. Twisse, who
had been named prolocutor, comprised one
hundred and twenty clergymen selected from
all the English counties, among whom the
most distinguished were Lightfoot, Calamy,
Goodwin, Reynolds, and Coleman; ten mem-
bers of the House of Lords, among whom
were the Earl of Manchester and Lord Saye
and Sele; twenty of the House of Commons,
including such men as Selden, "a prodigy
of learning, especially in Oriental literature
and the whole circle of legal science, and a
man of unquestioned moral and religious
character," Pym, Whitelock, and the two
Vanes.

Amid the clash of civil conflict the As-
sembly had continued its sessions and debates for
five years; but while the divines were dis-
cussing the great problems of theology and
ecclesiastical government in the ancient cham-
ber of the Abbey, individual freedom of
thought and conviction outside was showing
itself stronger than religious tradition or ec-
clesiastical authority. The lion of liberty had
got his hind legs loose at last. Theological
speculation took an unprecedented boldness
from the temper of the times. The conflict
with the king, and the social and political up-
heaval to which it gave rise, had broken the
ancient bonds of custom and given a power-
ful impulse to the freest thought. Nor did
the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean prevent
Roger Williams, in his far-away home in Sa-
lem, from sharing in the new intellectual
emancipation that had come. How ripe the
spirit of religious inquiry had become, let the

words of Milton bear witness. "Behold now
this vast city," he exclaims, speaking of Lon-
don, "a city of refuge, the mansion-house of
liberty, encompassed with God's protection!
The shop of war hath not there more anvils
and hammers working to fashion out the
plates and instruments of armed justice in de-
fense of beleaguered truth than there be pes-
es and heads there, sitting by their studious
lamps, musing, searching, revolving new no-
tions and ideas wherewith to present us, as
with their homage and fealty, the approach-
ing reformation; others as fast reading, try-
ing all things, according to the force of reason
and conviction." This was the new power
that had come to dispute the ground with
episcopacy and kingcraft—the supremacy of
modern ideas—"the force of reason and con-
viction."

UNCLE JOHN'S LETTERS.

VII.

YOU have a most legitimate and all-suffi-
cient excuse for declining to accept the
invitation which, in common with other
young men, had been sent you to attend Mrs.
W—'s card party. In the first place, you
have time only for one evening in a very long
while for such a let-up. Hold on resolutely
to your determination to make study a busi-
ness. You have taken it as one of your mot-
toes, "Duty first and pleasure after"—only
you have found and are finding so much
pleasure in duty that every day of your life
has its sunshine. I approve your indisposi-
tion to go to Mrs. W—'s party, and all the
more that undue pressure has been brought
to bear upon you. There is something of in-
decency in this attempt to capture a young
man, intent on serious business, by force of
numbers. In addition to the ordinary invita-
tion, three of the five young ladies of the
family, though they have but a very slight
acquaintance with you, have written personal
requests. I think in this fact alone there is
reason enough why you should refuse to be
dragged into compliance with the desires
of those frivolous young ladies, and their in-
decency supplies me with the occasion of
giving you a few ideas which have come to
me in the course of experience and observa-
tion of family life among my acquaintances
and friends.

The society of the other sex is naturally in-
teresting and attractive to us. Often it steals
control over young men to a degree which in-
terferes with those sober, earnest duties that
carry in them an imperative. But I do not
know a more serious business in life than that
which concerns the relations we allow our-
selves to the other sex. You know, my boy,
that I have no suspicion of your ability of
self-control, and your conscientious honor-
ableness in conduct in all your intercourse
with young ladies and women generally. I
do not believe that you would even delib-
erately take the slightest advantage of the nat-
ural impressibility and affectionateness of
womanhood. But you are of an impulsive
and generous nature. You are capable of
sudden and powerful impressions. That
being so, it would be well for you, in cool
blood, to consider yourself and your nature,
and to adopt in relation to women principles
and methods of action from which you re-
solve, God helping you, never to depart. To
be morally pure is worth all it costs; and it
costs many a battle. To be conscious of
having acted with the strictest honorableness
in all these delicate relations of life in which
the affections are involved, will give you a
quiet joy which will be above all price. When
a man is moving through life carrying an ac-
cusing conscience, not on good terms with
himself, with a judge in his own soul whose
sentence is being daily pronounced against
him, life has lost its highest capability of
happiness. I am persuaded that any man
who is free from self-condemnation—whose
nature is in unity with itself, and in unity
with that which is highest in itself—will
have an enjoyment of this world that men
full of self-accusation, or full of apologizing
to themselves for themselves, never can have.
Virtue "hath the promise of the life that now
is as well as of that which is to come."

It seems ungallant to write anything which
would arouse your suspicions as to all women
being as superior to man as you now think
them. In your own home you have learned
to reverence the best there is in womanhood.
Towards mother and sisters our purest and
most chivalrous feelings come to the front.
The feelings we indicate by the word "sex-
ual" are in abeyance. Your own mother had
such purity and transparency of character,
and your sisters were so like her, that the
idea of the crafty, plotting, scheming woman
has scarcely dawned upon you, and you are
at a disadvantage. There are such women.
Mrs. W— is one of them. She has five
daughters. Her whole business in life is to
get these daughters "off her hands." And
she has not ability enough to conceal her art-
fulness. She is even immodest and indecent
about it. The time is not far off when she
and her daughters will have lost all the real
respect of the "respectable" part of the
community in which she lives. I want you
to have nothing to do with that lady and her
marketable wares. Excuse the phrase, my
boy, there is no other that fits the facts of the
case. Try to view that lady as a female auc-
tioneer standing up before a crowd of young
men, hammer in hand, discoursing glibly on
the worth and beauty of each of these human
articles she has to sell to the highest bidder,
and you will be filled with disgust. Her
price is high for the article now; in four years
she will sell it cheaper; and in four years
more, she will give it away, and pay as much
as possible to have it taken "off her hands."
Do you say, "How severe my Uncle John
is! I never knew him so severe!" Well, my
boy, I have had more experience of life than
you have. I do despise these crafty match-

makers among women. There is something
so coarse and so vulgar in them. They have
no refinement, no delicacy of nature. There
is nothing to me so delicately beautiful as a
pure-hearted girl. Such an one, moving about
in society with a simple, unassuming non-
chalance of manner, must win affection from
all right-feeling men and women. But these
daughters of Mrs. W— are already artificial
and false, scheming and selfish. They have
no delicacy and no refinement. Poor things,
they don't know how ridiculous they are be-
ginning to appear!

I am far from wanting to keep you from
such society as will be agreeable to you. But
you need be in no hurry to make friendships
of the kind which may eventually fix your
life on a higher or lower plane. Mrs. W—
may think that time is precious in her case,
and she has a good deal of marketable ma-
terial on hand, but it is precisely that kind of
marketable material which you must turn
away from. There may be cases in which a
daughter with such an indelicate, unrefined
mother may be of some worth, but I should
say they are very rare. You have studies
which will demand all your best attention
and time, and if I were you, I should leave
the young lady question for quite a while yet.
Be respectful, courteous, and strictly honor-
able in all your relations with the other sex.
So very much more of happiness or misery
for yourself and others depends on this than
you think. Don't, even once, allow yourself
to be tempted to talk with or consort with the
corrupted young men of your society. Cour-
age is needed, quite a little, to "turn from
them and pass away;" but, once given way—
once listen to the "sowing-the-wild-oats,"
libidinous philosophy, and there is no return
to that level of moral integrity. Fight your
battle at the very beginning. It is easier
there than anywhere else. Behind the gilding
of our modern drawing-rooms there is so
much social rottenness that every pure and
upright man must tremble for the inexperienced.
To be pure in soul, never to have
filthy thoughts trooping across the inward
consciousness, is, it may be, with this nature
of ours, next to impossible; but to be pure in
will, and pure in deed—that is possible to us.
Believe me, Frank, there is a music ever sing-
ing its low, sweet murmur in every such
soul. There is far more happiness in self-con-
trol than in self-indulgence. All lustfulness
has in it an element of tyranny. Once use il-
legitimately the lawful instincts, and the
lawlessness begins its tyranny. There is only
one spot in a man's life where assemble all
the virtues and graces, hand-in-hand, to greet
him, and that is on the virtuous side of the
first emancipation sin.

But I must write you again on this theme,
and more on the positive than the negative
side of it.

Yours with affection,

The Religious World.

— Hamilton, Canada, has eight prosperous Meth-
odist churches.
— The Chicago Home Missionary and Church
Extension Society has built five new churches during
the past year.
— Six young ladies from Canada have recently
departed for China, in connection with the China In-
land Mission.
— Seven Jews, on a recent Sabbath in London,
made a public profession of their faith in Christ, and
were baptized.
— Rev. W. F. Nichols, rector of St. James
Church, Philadelphia, has been elected assistant
bishop of California.
— Rev. A. W. Hall has been appointed agent of
the Wesleyan Methodist Connection in place of Rev.
D. S. Kinney, deceased.
— Indianapolis and its immediate suburbs has
twenty-five Methodist Episcopal churches, with a
membership of over six thousand.
— Rev. Asbury Caldwell, of the Southwest Kan-
sas Conference, sails, Feb. 11, for an extended tour
of Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land.
— A legacy of \$25,000 has been received by the
Moravians, which will enable them to establish their
projected mission on the Victoria Nyanza.
— "Do you know what the moon did?" asked
Mr. Moody in one of his sermons in Chicago the
other day, "when the dog barked at it?" "Kept
shining right on."
— About six thousand people attended the recep-
tion given to Dr. T. De Witt Talmage at the
thirtieth Regiment Armory in New York, on his re-
turn from Europe.
— A new Summer School, similar to that estab-
lished by D. L. Moody at Northfield, Mass., will
be started at Clifton Springs, N. Y., opening July 12.
The speakers include some of the ablest in the coun-
try.
— This year the centennial of Methodism in Can-
ada is to be celebrated by the publication of a mem-
orial volume, composed of papers contributed by var-
ious writers; also by special collections for stated ob-
jects.
— Dr. Joseph G. Monfort, now in his 80th year,
has retired from the active editorship of the *Herald*
and *Presbyter*, after thirty-six years of service as an
editor. He will still write for the paper, however,
but always under his own initials.
— Bishop Wm. Taylor, in a letter dated Sierra
Leone, Dec. 18, 1889, says: "Arrived safely in this
place. Have been sleeping every night on deck.
After sleeping under shelter for so many weeks it
was delightful to have the moon's smile on me, and
almost hear the storm say, 'There he is.'"
— An exchange says: "His Holiness the Pope is
at present absorbed in the gloomy task of superintend-
ing his own monument, which is a sepulchral
urn, over which stands a life-size statue of himself,
and on either side colossal statues of Religion and
Justice in Carrara marble. The urn, of porphyry,
will take three years to complete, and will cost \$25-
000."
— Beacon Hill Church, this city, has decided to
dispose of its property. Dr. Charles Cullis has ac-
quired five lots of land, at a cost of \$46,029, on Hunt-
ington Ave., on which will be erected a new church
edifice and parsonage and a business house. Negotia-
tions have also been concluded by Dr. Cullis for the
purchase of the George W. Hollis estate at Wellesley
Hills, formerly known as the Scudder estate, for \$75-
000.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN WESLEY.

PROFESSOR CHARLES J. LITTLE.

[An address delivered before the pupils of Laetli Seminary, Feb. 10.]

THE author of "Robinson Crusoe" was standing in the pillory for his pamphlet entitled the "Shortest Way with Dissenters," in July, 1703. His "Hymn to the Pillory" was read to the crowds that, half in mockery, half in sympathy, surrounded the intrepid pamphleteer, as

John Benjamin Wesley,

a baby one month old, was crying in Epworth parsonage. What crying the Wesley babies did (and there were nineteen of them in all) had to be done in the first year of their terrestrial sojourn, for their strong-willed mother weaned them from crying after that by refusing to pay attention to their cries; the logical children declining to waste their tears and energies once they "caught on" to Susannah Wesley's plan. But time makes all things even, and they have perhaps shed as many tears through other eyes as any family ever heard of in this weeping world.

When John was six years old Epworth parsonage took fire; in the excitement the boy was forgotten until his aged father counted heads and found his black-haired little disquietant was missing. A cry was heard; the frantic father rushed to the burning stairs only to be mocked by flames impassable. Meanwhile the boy, always cool, and destined in after years to save himself from many a perilous situation, mounted a chest and stood out distinct at the bedroom window. A stalwart villager placed himself against the wall, another mounted upon his shoulders, and just as the roof fell in the boy was lifted through the window.

His mother was his only teacher till he was ten years old; then he sent a pupil to the Charterhouse at London. Before this, however, the boy had been attacked with small-pox, and with another disease almost as bad—the love of argument. He bore the first quite bravely, and was not pitted by it; the latter lasted for many years and marked him unto the very last. The Charterhouse is the school made famous by Lamb and Thackeray, the place where Colonel Newcome answered his last adum to the shining of the no longer dreaded wings of death. Here Wesley stayed, an eager, ambitious, arguing boy; shining in a small way; believing in ghosts and witches, as he continued to do all his life; absorbed in the study of the Epworth notes, which seemed to have been quite as wonderful as the Rochester raps; learning so rapidly as to evoke even his brother Samuel's praise.

In 1720 Wesley was elected to

Christ Church College

at Oxford, then a somewhat curious place. "The colleges at Oxford," wrote Harrison, in 1586, "were erected by their founders, at the first, on the poor men's sons, but now they have the least benefit of them, by reason the rich do so increase upon them. It is in my time a hard matter for a poor man's child to come by a fellowship though he be never so good a scholar and worthy of that room." Two famous contemporaries of Wesley, both at Pembroke College, found Oxford a terrible place for poor students even in the eighteenth century, George Whitefield and Samuel Johnson. The latter was six years younger than Wesley, though, somehow, we are sure to think of Johnson as older than any of his contemporaries, so does he fill the imagination always. Wesley, though older than Johnson, was younger than Voltaire by nine years, but three years older than Franklin, eight years older than David Hume, and he was just twenty-one when Jonathan Swift was making himself the idol of the Irish people by the publication of the Drapier letters. John Wesley was not so poor as Johnson, for he had £40 from the Charterhouse foundation, but poor enough to be often in straits for money. This caused some friction with his father, who, being always in debt himself, was exasperated that his son should follow his example. But the manly old parson warned his son not to be in haste to enter orders, "seeing that a man's motives for such a calling must not be to eat a piece of bread, but the glory of God and the good of men." "It is an unhappiness peculiar to our family that your father and I seldom think alike," wrote his mother. "I approve the disposition of your mind, and think the sooner you are a deacon the better!" But Susannah was, I think, exaggerating her little differences with Samuel. For both of them were soon writing thoughtful and loving letters to the young candidate for orders; though it is easy to see that John's mind was made in the image of his mother's.

In 1726 Wesley was elected fellow of Lincoln College, "when leisure and he took leave of each other," he betaking himself to writing poetry and amassing learning. "Wesley," said Samuel Johnson in later years, "talks well on any subject, but he never has any leisure; which is provoking to a man like me, who like to have my talk out." Great praise, surely, from one who was easily the greatest talker of his time.

Two things happened to Wesley now quite worthy of attention. He fell in love with Betty Kirkham, and fell to reading the "Christian Perfection" and the "Serious Call of Wm. Law." This latter book, to which Johnson traced his first serious impressions, drove Betty Kirkham from Wesley's mind, and filled it with the doctrines which he afterwards expounded with much power. He determined now to be a real, and

Not a Nominal Christian;

he shut himself out of society and up to methodical study. For two years he was his father's curate at Kipworth, but a peremptory summons from the rector of his college brought him back to Oxford. His brother Charles, he found upon his return, was already leader of the Methodists, the Holy Club, of which Betty Kirkham's brother Robert, Wm. Morgan, and the two Wesleys were the first members. The club soon grew to be a score, and John Wesley to be its chief director. But this holy club, nicknamed "Bible bigots and Bible moths," was fruitful of more than good works, more than study and pious conversation. After providing for his own necessities, each one gave away each year all that he had. Wesley stripped his room of pictures to buy a poor girl a gown. When he had £30 a year, he gave away £22. The next year he received £30, and gave away £22; the third year he received £30, and gave away £22; the fourth year he received £120; still he lived on £28 and gave to the poor all the rest. The young men in their zeal sometimes committed irregularities, but the sturdy old parson at Epworth wrote that "he thanked God for giving him two sons at Oxford to whom he had granted grace to turn the war against the world and the devil."

Wesley's eyes were now dazzled with the enticing vision of Mary Granville; all his life such will-o'-the-wisp figures flashed before him, but except with Grace Murray he seems never to have been seriously in love. This correspondence with Mary Granville is, however, provokingly serious. Aspasia and Cyrus, as the modest twin called themselves in the fashion of the day, wrote each other only about their souls; hearts they never mention.

In 1732 appeared the first attack in print against "these sons of sorrow seeking to turn Oxford into a monastery." For among the earliest and most persistent charges against the Methodists was that they were Papists in disguise. In 1733, Wesley

Published his First Book,

which is, curiously enough, a collection of "forms of prayer for every day in the week." In the same year his father urged him to seek the living at Epworth, which John, in a very singular correspondence, refused to do. Superficial judges of human nature will say of these letters that they reveal the prig and the Pharisee, the selfish devotee and the ungrateful son. I cannot think so. Wesley's in-

stinct was to remain at Oxford; if his arguments are feeble, the future proved that his feeling was a sound one.

The ill-starred visit to Georgia was all that came of his brother Samuel's upbraidings—a visit which complicated Wesley's life in more ways than one, and for which not even his acquaintance with the Moravian, Peter Bohler, seems to me an adequate compensation. That Georgia mission separated him from Oxford, which Wesley left in the fourteenth century, and Newman and Pusey in the nineteenth, have shown to be the religious centre of England. Methodism at Oxford languished always when Wesley was away at Epworth; when he left for America it died down and out. But God's ways are not ours; this high church devotee needed a schooling in the actual world before his work could be accomplished. The whole Georgia business is a wretched story. "There is no dunces like an Athenian dunces," said Johnson. That is, there is no such thing as a scholarly fool, especially if he is strictly conscientious, and touched with superstition, as John Wesley was. And to make matters worse, another will-o'-the-wisp, a certain Sophy Hopkey, danced before his dazzled eyes. Nay, to use Wesley's own words, "danced right into his right eye, which, at Moravian command, had to be pulled out in consequence. Wesley shall sum up the Georgia business for himself: "By carrying me to America, God humbled me, and proved me, and showed me what was in my heart; He taught me to beware of men; [and women?] He gave me to know many of His servants; He opened my passage to the writings of holy men in German, Spanish, and Italian, and all in Georgia have heard the Word of God." Whitefield, who followed him to America, declared that he "found his name very precious among the people." But Wesley found it good to come away, as did also his brother Charles, who had gone out with Oglethorpe to be General's secretary.

The truth is, John Wesley, like most men fresh from school and college, was

Utterly ignorant of the Actual World.

Women he never learned to understand, being utterly bewildered in later years by Grace Murray, and then marrying a tartar in a moment of what mistook for Divine guidance. As pure as John Milton, he was just as susceptible to a lovely face; just as perverse, too, in his conceits about the women who attracted his attention. In fact, he was as handsome as Milton, and much resembled him. The great poet had been called the lady of Christ College in his youth, and Wesley, who was some inches shorter than he, had the same peculiar beauty which suggests all the delicacy and refinement of a womanly soul, blended with the robust courage and aggressive energy of a thoroughly masculine mind and will. At thirty-five this handsome young parson, just home from Georgia, began to preach in London, and commenced the career which spanned the century like an arch of triumph. On his voyage from Georgia, Wesley had encountered a frightful storm, and found himself almost to die. Peter Bohler, a Moravian preacher to whom he talked, told him that true faith was accompanied by dominion over sin and constant peace arising from a sense of forgiveness. Wesley hitherto had been a man scrupulously anxious to be correct in opinion, in ceremonial practice, in moral conduct, and charitable deed. He had in Georgia been indocrinally and exasperatingly punctilious in administration of church discipline; but up to this time had no "experience" such as Bohler spoke of so confidently. "I preach faith till you have it; then because you have it you will preach it," said the Moravian, in a subsequent interview in London. Wesley did preach faith till he had it. For, leaving home one afternoon, he opened his Bible, just as Augustine had done so many centuries before him, to find his text. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," was the flash of heavenly comfort that thrilled his anxious eyes. At night he went to a society meeting on Aldersgate Street, where some one read Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. "Whilst Luther's words were being read," he writes, "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." Towards ten o'clock a troop of friends took him to his brother; they sang a hymn with joy, and then parted with a prayer.

Oxford and Aldersgate Street; the university where Wesley taught; the Moravian who kept alive the teachings which John Huss had learned from that same Wolff; Paul's epistle to the Romans, and Luther's comment on the wondrous words, the sturdy Augustinian monk who slew the Pope and fought the devil with the ghost of Augustine and the sword of the Spirit wielded by the Apostle to the Gentiles—these are the sources of the doctrine of personal experience of a living Christ which has now become the common property of Christendom; these are

The Beginnings of the Modern Church

as distinguished from hierarchies, episcopacies, councils, conventions, presbyteries, conferences. Like the light and the lightning which all men have, but no man owns; like the sky, in which the mighty orbs witness to passing ages the majesty of God; so is the spirit, so is the church of God. This little planet of ours is swathed about with energies, impalpable, inscrutable, infinite, infinitesimal, diverse in their simplicity, a countless multitude in their inseparable oneness. This little speck has countless suns for mighty lamps as it rolls onward, the conscious recipient of their distant splendor. So bountiful is God; such provision has He made for the eyes and senses of His human children. And yet there are those who tell us that this same God of winds and lightnings, of countless stars and boundless sky, has hidden all the resources of His grace in the tips of bishops' fingers and crowded all the sacramental energies of His eternal Spirit into the narrow channels of some historic lineage. The dream of one great catholic church is as beautiful as the dome of blue that overhangs our earth with light and benedictions. Such a holy universal church there is, and all the saints are members of that choir of light, whose music is the sunshine of our souls—apostles, martyrs, prophets, heretics; all who have caught the splendor of God's face and flung it back upon a darkened world. But these who come with lighted candles, trailing doubtful traditions as they come, these are surely dreaming wildly when they think themselves the stars and all the sky!

Now in this same year in which his heart was warmed so strangely, John Wesley grasped firmly another conviction, the conviction of free grace.

Free in All and Free for All.

And for him to reach a proposition was for him to proclaim it, and to insist upon its application. Moravians were mystics, full of a dreamy rest in God. They were full of missionary zeal, but shrank from conflict and contact with the world about them. They meditated and suffered rather than acted; and loved the society of a kindred few far better than the faces of a hostile multitude. Wesley was not a mystic and a dreamer, but an agitator, an organizer, a man to stir and still a multitude. Like Savonarola, once his message was made clear to him, his courage never faltered, his expedients never failed him, his word abode in power, and as always happens in God's unfolding plan, with the message and the obedient spirit came the glorious opportunity.

And it was time for such a voice and such inspired enterprise; for Europe and England were far gone in unbelief and wickedness. There are always seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed their knees to Baal; there were good men in the eighteenth century, in Germany, in France, in Scotland, in England. But it was also the age of Frederick the Great, and Voltaire the mighty, of Hume, the arch-skeptic, and Chesterfield, who taught his own son the fine art of seduction; it was the age when Swift was dean, and Laurence Sterne was clergyman; when Hogarth was putting tipsy parsons in his prints, and tipsy parsons, like Selwyn's Chaplain Warner, were painting their own portraits for posterity to wonder

at. "Lady Yarmouth," writes Thackeray, "sold a bishopric to a clergyman for £5,000." (She betted him £5,000 that he would not be made a bishop, and he lost and paid her.) As I peep into George II.'s St. James, I see crowds of casocks rustling up the back stairs of the court-ladies; stealthy clergy slipping purses into their laps; that godless old king yawning in his chapel royal as the chaplain before him is discoursing! As for the high church parsons, they gambled, bishops and all; even the non-conformist clergy looked not unkindly on the practice. When George the Second died, Porteus, afterwards Bishop Porteus, bewailed his taking off in lines of such astounding untruthfulness that one asks in amazement how such lying lips and lawn sleeves could ever get together.

[Concluded next week.]

SOWING THE SEED.

"He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man."—MATT. 13: 37.

Sower Divine,
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil
Make it a fruitful field.
A hundred-fold to yield.
Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower Divine,
Quit not this wretched field
Till Thou hast made it yield;
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Sow deep the harvest grow.
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower Divine,
Let not this barren soil
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry;
Refresh it from on high.
Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine!

—Selected.

GENTILE BLOOD IN JESUS.

REV. M. V. B. KNOX.

THE Jews were determined, it seems, to keep themselves separate from other peoples, and whether in this course they met the divine requirement or not, may be considered an open question. If it was a divine law that they should do so, they failed in it; if it was a prejudice of their own, it was not successful, even in the line of the Messiah.

In Matthew's list of the progenitors of Jesus, there is given Pharez, the son of Judah, as the one from whom Joseph, the supposed father of Jesus, was descended. But Pharez was one of twins born to Judah by Tamar, a woman conceded to have been a Canaanite or a Philistine, in either case a Gentile, there being none of the chosen line whom the sons of Jacob could marry. Judah, after the sale of Joseph, had separated from his brethren and dwelt with Hiram the Adullamite. Luther says of Tamar's blood: "It may be to remind us that by natural right, Gentiles, too, are the mother, brothers, sisters of our Lord."

In Matthew's list, as in Luke's, appears the name of Boaz, the son of Salmon and Rahab. She was the harlot of Jericho who hid the two spies as the Israelites approached that city. For this deed she and her household were saved in the sack and burning of the city. She becoming the wife of Salmon in the line of David's progenitors. Some critics suggest that Salmon might have been one of the two spies, and for their preservation his gratitude passed into a tender passion. This woman, having heard of the wonders taking place as the Israelites approached, concluded that her country was to become the prey of the invaders. From the circumstances of that stirring epoch she became a convert to the faith of Jehovah, and was accorded the wonderful favor of entering the royal line of David and that of his greater Son.

The third woman to whom this honor was accorded outside the chosen people was Ruth. The charming story of this heathen woman who became incorporated into the Jewish Church, and then was given the greater honor, will never lose its attractions. Driven by a famine from their Jewish home, Elimelech, his wife and two sons, emigrated to Moab. There the father died, and the two sons, having grown up and been married, also died. When the sonless widow determined to return to her native country, she advised her two daughters-in-law to remain in their own land and among their own kindred. Orpah did so, but Ruth with a prophetic instinct accorded a few persons, determined to go with the mother-in-law, uttering those words quoted so often in unwavering constancy, and loved by every one whose heart has been touched with filial love—"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Returning to Bethlehem with her mother-in-law, she met Boaz, a kinsman of Elimelech, himself the descendant of another pagan woman, and the acquaintance led to a marriage. Thence sprang the royal line of Jesse's son. The constancy, virtue and filial love of the Moabitess had their reward of heaven.

About the blood of Bathsheba, the mother of Solomon, there is some uncertainty. She was the wife of a Hittite, that wonderful Canaanitish race of whom little is known from the Bible save mention here and there, but about whom we are learning much now from the monuments. Her name appears in two forms—Bathsheba and Bathshua. The possible explanation of this is that a transposition of a Hebrew letter in either of the names could make it the other one. Her father's name in one place is Amiel, in another, Elam, again explainable in the transposition of a Hebrew letter. In one form Bathshua, the woman's name is in part Canaanitish, and not Jewish, since Judah's wife, Shua, is specifically said to be a Canaanite. The inference is, that though Bathsheba was the granddaughter of Ahithophel, an Israelite, one of David's wisest counselors, she had Canaanitish blood; yet an inference that cannot be fully sustained or denied. Had her mother been a Canaanite, that racial form of her name could be understood. That she was the wife of a Hittite would carry some weight in favor of her having Gentile blood.

These four women, Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, and Bathsheba, are the only ones whom Matthew names in the list of the ancestry of Jesus. Though he traces the line to the supposed father of Jesus, as Mary and Joseph were of the same tribe, and not remotely of the same family, the fact of the descent applies to Mary as well as to Joseph, and by

her to the real blood of Jesus. Of these four women named it is certain that all but Bathsheba were of stock foreign to Israel. We must infer that their names are specially mentioned by the inspired writer for some purpose. What was it? Because of their crimes? Hardly. Ruth had not the least taint. But the surmise is allowable that it was done to show that the Gentiles as well as the Jews were to have a part in the progenitorship as well as the salvation of Christ. He belonged to the world. Not to form a sect of the Jews, not to restrict the plan to a race, but with an outlook as broad as the ages and all humanity, were the ways of God with man, in all the matters of the advent, life, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ.

NOT ANTAGONISTIC.

MY DEAR DR. PARKHURST: Allow me to say through your columns that the Christian Endeavor Society has no thought of antagonizing any other organization, least of all the Epworth League. It has always carefully avoided any utterance which might be construed that way. It bids the League a hearty Godspeed. The Society, however, stands for certain principles which it deems essential, and it uses fair and open means to disseminate these principles, sending out commendations of them from ministers in all denominations, who have tried the Society and believe in it. In this way it sent out commendations from Dr. Hamilton and other well-known Methodist ministers—commendations which might easily have been multiplied a hundred-fold. One or two of your correspondents evidently do not understand the Society of Christian Endeavor. One says in your issue of Jan. 28: "Form societies, Epworth Leagues, not Christian Endeavor Societies. We can do just as much work for God, and I am sure more for our church, by encouraging our own society than we can by affiliating with that of some other church."

Allow me to say that the Christian Endeavor Society belongs to no one church. It is as much a Methodist society as it is a Presbyterian or Congregational. In this respect it occupies precisely the same position as the Sunday-school movement. Its foundation-stone is that each society is responsible to and owes allegiance to its own church alone. It is, denominationally, just what its church is. There is no central board anywhere that exerts any authority or levies any taxes.

Again, another correspondent in the same issue says: "The advantages of a denominational league are becoming more and more apparent. . . . We want the children to say, 'That is my pastor'; 'That is my church.' That is precisely what the Christian Endeavor Society insists on. It is not undenominational, but interdenominational. In one sense every society is denominational, because it owes loyalty only to the denomination with which it is affiliated."

I am sure you will also allow me to quote what Dr. Hurlbut, secretary of the Epworth League, has already said in *Our Youth*:—"We appreciate the noble work which has been wrought by the Christian Endeavor Society in many Methodist churches. We are glad to bear testimony to the earnestness, the devotion and the activity of many of its members. We are glad that the Christian Endeavor Society furnished a plan of organization for Methodist young people, while as yet their own church had provided no general society for them. We do not ask that any Endeavor Society shall leave its present affiliations and become an Epworth League. . . . Wherever there is no young people's society in a Methodist Episcopal Church, we strongly urge that an Epworth League be organized. Wherever an Endeavor Society is already established, at work, and doing good, we do not ask, nor do we desire that it shall be broken up so that a league may be built upon its ruins. Such a course will generally result in the discouragement of the young people, their alienation from the church, and the weakening of the work of God in the community. No pastor, nor presiding elder, nor official board will wisely undertake to crush out one society in order to promote another. . . ."

"It [the Epworth League] does not desire to have any other society broken up, or crowded out, or frozen out. It discourages every effort to compel any society to be transformed into an Epworth League against its own will. It seeks fraternity with all young people's societies of every name and in every church. In the words of our motto, 'We live to make our own church a power in the world, and we live to love every church that exalts our Christ.'"

Sincerely yours,

F. E. CLARK.

FOUR HEBDOMADS AND A TRIANGLE.

REV. W. P. STODDARD, D. D.

[Concluded.]

I MAY hesitate at this point, before leaving Italy, to note some facts of interest concerning Italian affairs. The government of Italy, as many know, underwent great changes with the revolution that placed Victor Emmanuel on the throne, and that, later, while the Franco-Prussian war was raging, gave him an opportunity of exchanging Turin for Rome as the capital of united Italy. Then the status of the Pope was defined, the Quirinal occupied by the king, and an era of enlightenment, ably inaugurated by the Sardinian and maintained by King Humbert, began to dawn upon the darkness of papal Italy. Within the past twenty years, despite the fact that the government allows the Pope free postage and telegraphic privilege, besides an annual salary of \$645,000, it has also done much in various ways to restrict the power of the Vatican. Within twelve years, from 1855 to 1867, nearly fifty thousand ecclesiastical foundations were abolished, and over 3,000 monasteries and 1,200 convents, with foundations of the secular clergy amounting to over 46,000, were suppressed. Thus an immense amount of property was confiscated by the State. Again, in 1873, in Rome, over 400 monastic establishments were suppressed. Thus the attitude of the government is easily discovered.

The "prisoner in the Vatican" receives a great deal of good, though undeserved, sympathy. For, while not in any sense a prisoner, he also has the use of about three millions of dollars annually to make him happy. Surely a clear conscience (if he can have one), a good home, many admirers, and three millions a year, ought to compensate somewhat for the annoyance caused by his many enemies, and go a long way toward happiness! What more does he desire?

It has for many years seemed to me like a good joke that only a year after the Pope, by solemn council convened from the ends of the earth, had been declared infallible, Victor

Emmanuel should enter Rome and place that infallible (?) wisdom (?) at such a disadvantage. But Leo XIII remains at Rome, and doubtless considers it the safest place, on the whole, in which to receive the ignorant homage of his church. That Spain does not want him is certain, and that France has not thrown out inducements, is equally clear. As for America, I am not convinced that even Warren's "Paradise at the North Pole," as Dr. Stackpole suggests, would be anxious to give him a very warm reception. For, give this foreign priest rule there, and he would soon make even that desolate region more desolate. And this would be at least consistent, however impracticable, with the past influence of that intolerant sect. As for lower latitudes, why, everybody admits that already we have all the Roman politics, poverty, educational interference, rum, superstition, beggary, and immorality we can easily carry, without shouldering the Pope, cardinals, and other apparently necessary though questionable attachments of the papal institution.

A Transformation Period.

I had some cozy conversation in the Alps with an Italian from the laboring class, and, later, with an Italian gentleman near Milan. Both were very intelligent, and looked broadly at the subject of Italian freedom. I was glad to find them enthusiastic over the condition of affairs, both as they are and will be, in comparison with what they were under the papal regime. So many improvements have been made, so much liberty has been granted, such wise laws have been passed, that, as one of them remarked, "You need have no fear that Italy will ever again come under papal rule. We know what liberty means now, and we will never submit to such restriction again." A few changes for the better may be noted. There are fewer beggars, better sewerage, and less danger of Roman fever; the Tiber has been improved; cool, delicious water has been brought down from the Apennines, and gushes from many fountains all over the city; buildings have been erected, and Romish church property confiscated. Then, too, the criminal code has been recently revised, and is now called "the best code in Europe." Speeches directed against the government may be suppressed, and their authors punished; cemeteries are open to Protestants; religious instruction is prohibited in the government schools; the press is free, and entire religious liberty prevails.

And yet Italy is still in bonds. The people are very poor. Venice has one pauper to every three other citizens, and this may be a fair average for the whole land. In 1879 there were nearly one hundred thousand people afflicted with a disease called *pellagra*, which is induced by insufficient and unwholesome food, and usually ends in insanity. The Italian is also indolent, ignorant and immoral. I am surprised to know that in 1861, after so many years of papal instruction (?), four-fifths of the whole population were absolutely destitute of instruction, while in some places 92 per cent. were illiterate. But Protestant schools and the government are changing this condition of things. The Italian is under the shadow of a superstition which, when dispelled, leaves him an infidel. He is jealous of the few who are immensely rich, and, having felt what liberty is, he means to have it and use it at all hazards. He will even use force to retain it. I am reaching a conclusion which seems to be warranted both by the *zeit geist*, as the Germans say, and the facts of history. This is, that before the centennial of the French Revolution is forgotten, there will be an Italian revolution in which the break with the Church of Rome will be entire, and an Italian Republic inaugurated for the peninsula.

Now, if you can imagine that a train really moving say twenty-five miles an hour, moves instead forty miles, we may take a race to Geneva, cross Lake Lemman to Ouchy, and after a ride of several hundred miles, find ourselves at the second point in our triangle,

Paris.

Paris—city of narrow streets and broadest boulevards, of extreme poverty and greatest wealth, of guilt and gayety, of profanation and pleasure, of revolution and evolution, surely thou art most bloody and most beautiful! If only the Pont Neuf, once beheaded with dead bodies, the Hotel De Ville, the column of July where the Bastille once stood, and the obelisk of Luxor, could speak, what thrilling scenes would they not recite to the splendid throngs that view them every hour! No splashing fountains of clearest water can ever cleanse the blood of the three thousand whose heads fell from the guillotine between the Champs Elysees and the Tuilleries gardens!

Our Sunday in Paris was most enjoyable, as we found our way to the Rue Berri in the morning and listened to a sermon by Dr. Thurber in the American Church. After our experience with the Italian and French languages, which we could not understand, it was most refreshing to hear, in your own tongue from a fellow-countryman, the "glorious gospel of the blessed God." The anthem, the prayer, the hymns, and the sacrament afterwards, were all means of grace. The text was Ezekiel 47: 9: "And everything shall live whither the river cometh." The sermon was clear, simple, direct, earnest, and helpful. It was encouraging, from what I understood to be a Presbyterian pulpit, to hear such good Methodist doctrines as free will, free grace, and full salvation. But, after all, Calvinism was always unpreachable, and unacceptable, and untrue. It is now dead. Requiescat in pace!

A Paris Sunday is not a holy day. True, there is some devotion of a genuine sort—enough to save this Sodom perhaps. The M'Al mission stations, of which there are about forty in the city, are with the Salvation Army, doing well. Religious meetings are held every day in the year in these places. Then, too, there are several evangelical churches, including the Wesleyan Methodist, and a number of French Protestant societies. There have also been held special services near the Exposition ground. Thus efforts are being made to save the city for Christ. But they are made against fearful odds. Publishing houses of the vilest character are sending most infamous pictures and pamphlets all over the land; wine-drinking is so common that people are surprised if you drink water—as, I am happy to say, I always did; immorality and irreverence abound, and the outlook religiously is not very encouraging.

Sunday is, in the truest sense, a holiday. The larger shops alone are closed. Venders of fruit and drinks are everywhere; trains and trams run as on other days; crowds promenade the streets; the Exposition and other places of amusement are open at reduced rates; carriages and omnibuses rush everywhere; and with only minor differences Sunday is as other days. May the continental Sunday as I have seen it never be our own!

My third point in the triangle is over two thousand miles west of Paris in

The Midst of the Atlantic.

The substantial decks of the magnificent racer, "City of New York," are under my feet. The weather has been rough thus far on the trip, and the decks running with water for at least a day. It is a fine sight to stand at the stern of this steamer, to be lifted or lowered as she rides the waves; and while she is plowing through the waters and throwing the waves out by her prow high in the air until the funnels are enveloped in mist, to look along the length of the vessel and see her cut her way like some mighty leviathan through the deep. Her three funnels were white with the salt left by the sea. For, mind you, these greyhounds do not always wait to ride the waves, but literally plow through them and deluge the decks and rigging. Waves six inches deep sweep the deck, and in one case, although I stood upon an elevated grating three inches high, wet both of my feet. Our trip was practically a race, for behind us came the new steamer, "Teton," of the White Star Line. However, despite two long delays of seven hours in the ocean, our steamer reached Sandy Hook over an hour ahead. The "City of New York" has been running a little over a year. She has a length of 500 feet, a depth of 39 feet, and a beam of 63 1/4 feet. There are fifteen water-tight compartments running from the keel to the saloon deck, each distinct and fitted with state-rooms and all conveniences, so that there is no need of passing from one compartment to the other. If even three of these compartments were filled with water by the tearing away of as much as one hundred feet from the side or bottom, she would still float. Twin screws, driven by two sets of triple expansion engines, send her against wind and tide twenty knots an hour. Three sets of boilers, heated by fifty-four furnaces burning three hundred tons of coal a day, and requiring relays of forty men each constantly shoveling coal, supply steam for the engines.

Thirty-two auxiliary engines control the noiseless hydraulic force used for rudder, anchors, lifts and elevators. All of the furnishings in saloon, drawing-room, library, and state-rooms are very elegant and complete, while over a thousand electric lights turn darkness into noon-day.

Our Sunday was spent in the fog, through which we sped at racing speed. One could hardly avoid a thrill of horror as he remembered how the "Arctic" years ago passed into that same fog, collided with the "Vesta," and never emerged. The asthmatic fog-horn dimly proclaims our presence as down in the saloon Captain Land leads the Church of England service. Quite a large number are in attendance, but the service, read in such a meaningless manner, is entirely hollow. In spite of myself I compare the rendering of this service with that by Dr. Randolph of Newport, on the "Bothnia" seven weeks before. The day is passed in reading and conversation until evening when, floating through saloon and library, come the notes from the piano, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." How well it sounds to the ear, and what a priceless experience for the heart! It is a Sabbath as the notes leave the strings of the instrument, and it is a Sabbath in the soul as well. But the night draws on. Our study ship is wrapped in darkness, and we gather in the drawing-room to spend an hour in Christian song. God grant that some day, where there is "no more sea," all who read these lines may come at last in peace!

Pascong, R. I.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—There are 2,000 children in the Loyal Temperance Legion of the District of Columbia.

—Massachusetts has six White Cross organizations, due to the efforts of the W. C. T. U., five of which were organized last year.

—Ottawa, Ontario, W. C. T. U. held a "scrap book" a short time ago. To prepare temperance scrap-books for the lumber camps.

—What is the Irish question? It is the whiskey question. If the Irish had been able to live in their true majesty and conquer the appetite for drink, there would be no nobler people. There are no more loyal hearts on the face of the earth. Whiskey is the cause of the Irish question. The whiskey bill of Ireland is \$2,250,000, which is more than the whole rental of the country.—Canon Wilberforce.

—The school board of Asheville, N. C., has granted the W. C. T. U. the privilege of teaching temperance half an hour each day in the primary grades of the city schools. The Union has employed an excellent kindergarten teacher, who will work under her supervision.

—The National W. C. T. U., in an address issued recently under the signature of President Frances E. Willard, and addressed "To the South American, Central American, and Mexican Commissioners of the Pan-American Congress," says that the ladies read with surprise that, during the round of banqueting to which the nation's guests were subjected, intoxicating liquors were served upon every occasion, and indulged in by the Pan-American delegates. The W. C. T. U. expresses regret at this fact, and assures the Southern delegates that it is better to be observed than while in this country than to study the vast benefits of a prohibitory law as practiced in eight States of the Union.

Our Book Table.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSSES. By Rev. Jacob Merrill Manning, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.

This volume of sermons and addresses by the late pastor of the Old South Church, will bring to mind a much-loved and able Christian preacher. The subjects discussed are wide in their scope and large in their importance. We cannot forbear to quote these words from a sermon entitled "Preachers, and What they should Preach."

He says: "Dear friends, I wish to put in a word for these co-laborers of mine, and to assure you that you have not the least cause to be disturbed about the foundations of the church. 'Every little white,' you say, 'some student from the theological school is found some day in doctrinal views that he cannot get a license to preach the Gospel, or some pastor is rejected by an ecclesiastical council, or some one who is publicly branded a heretic gets a great many private letters and words of approval from the very party of whom we denounce him. There are articles in the newspapers, and magazines and reviews, which broadly intimate that the writers have had much talk with preachers, and that congregations would be very much astonished if ministers should come into their pulpits and honestly and frankly preach just what, and only what, they really believe. Now, this sweeping charge of hypocrisy, concealment, and deceit in the pulpit does strike me as a first view as indeed formidable.' Then a little later he adds: 'I know of no change in regard to the Gospel among evangelical ministers, except that they love it with a more intense devotion, and with a stronger purpose to know nothing else, the longer they preach it. If there has been any change among them in regard to speculative or theological teachings, I believe it is very largely due to this very devotion. They are learning to recoil from that whole body of human doctrine which threatens to displace, and sometimes has displaced, the saving words of Christ and His apostles. This is the heart and from the heart and the end, of their offending. They do not think as much of theories of the Gospel and speculations about it as they once did, and they are ready to say either publicly or privately.' This whole volume will be read with interest, not only by his immediate parishioners of the Old South, but by others."

THE KNIGHT OF FAITH. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. J. S. Ogilvie: 57 Rose Street, Chicago.

This story is intended, so it is stated, to be an answer to Robert Elsmere; and so far as the religious teaching is concerned in it, it is. It is as orthodox as Robert Elsmere is unorthodox. But if by answer is meant a complete refutation, we cannot agree. The style of the novel is not above mediocrity, and the incidents are not above commonplace. Dorothy is a marked character in many respects, and to trace her winding life in these pages, we agree, will afford interest and profit to the Christian.

THE OLD MANSEY. Thirteen Tales, by Guy de Maupassant. The translation by John Estlin Sturge. New York: Harper & Bros.

Guy de Maupassant does not belong to that French school which finds its spirit in the ideal; for he is the hardest of hard realists. These short tales are not to be reckoned among those which would classify as the best, for they have not material enough to warrant it. Realism of this type runs hard on such a short track, even if it does not "wreck itself." However, we may say that there is a vividness and beauty about most of these tales that make them especially readable. We notice that de Maupassant never becomes overwrought and extravagant, but on the other hand, he holds himself well in hand. He, if anywhere, however, does not do this in "The Wolf" and "The Confession," both of which are hard and cruel, touched but slightly with gentleness.

In paper covers we have lately received the following:—

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston: ELISE VERNER, by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Riverside Paper Series). Price, 30 cts.

From Harper & Bros., New York: THE CHATEAU OF SILVERBUSH (romance), by the Institute, by Anatole France. The translation and introduction by Lafcadio Hearn. Price, 50 cts.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York: LILY LASS, by Justin Huntly McCarthy; M. P. J. CURTIS; or, Master of His Fate, by J. MacLaren Cobban. (Gainesborough Series.) Each, 25 cts.

From the American News Company, New York: HIS HONOR, or, Fate's Mysteries, by Cynthia E. Cleveland. Price, 50 cts.

From Fleming H. Revell, New York: A CENTURY OF CHRISTIAN PROGRESS, by Rev. James Johnston, F. S. S.

THE THEOLOGICAL EDUCATOR: THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Rev. Wm. Henry Simcox. Edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M. A. (New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, 75 cts.) This is not a complete grammar of New Testament Greek, but simply a critical, and as far as we can judge, a scholarly and candid examination of the difference between classical and post-classical Greek, and the usage of the New Testament writers. None or SELF AND ALL OF THEM. By S. S. Hewlett. (New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Price, \$1.00. For sale by C. R. Magee.) A tale of life in India with a twofold purpose: To furnish an interesting story, with India as a background and natives as actors, and to present Christianity and encourage its acceptance. There is incident enough to warrant the title of a "tale," and there is surely enough in it to enable it to be called an earnest, sincere and faithful presentation of Christ.—TOPICAL INDEX. Prepared by William B. Jones. (Albany, N. Y.: Brandon Printing Co.) This volume embraces an index, topically arranged, of all the different singings, hymns now in general use; and also a hand-book of Bible readings and song services. Besides these, scattered through the book are short papers by different authors, and a few "skeleton sermons."—THE BIBLE AND MODERN THOUGHT. By Geo. H. Emerson, D. D. (Boston: Universalist Publishing House.) This is a very fragmentary discussion of the subject, so much so that to most people it would do more harm than good. We do not think because Dr. Emerson believes in the results of the higher criticism, but because he finds in it such a pleasant way that it would induce. And this is not denying that, in the limit of his work, he has not done well.—ESSAYS DOCTRINAL AND PRACTICAL. By Fifteen Clergymen. Edited by Orello Cone, D. D. (Boston: Universalist Publishing House. Price, \$1.) This is a series of fifteen essays by Universalist clergymen, in defence indirectly of that faith. It is not a closely critical volume, although it deals largely with subjects that demand such a spirit. With it we are not expected to agree, but some of the papers are characterized by a breadth of faith that is beautiful, while others show a breadth which is narrow. Whoever reads this volume will surely get no harm; but can he get some good? We can only say, read it and see.—THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. Daily Family Prayers for

Morning and Evening. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark. (New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, 60 cts.) We have no more nor less cordial welcome for such an idea as is embodied in all books of this kind. Family prayers should be spontaneous, not stereotyped. We can hardly believe that there is any Christian so ignorant of grammar and syntax that God, for that reason, will turn him empty away. Such books as this, among other things, presuppose this. But if it be true that any man needs help to pray or to begin to erect a family altar, then this book is valuable. —THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas à Kempis. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Price, \$1.) This is an attempt to put into rhythmic sentences this famous work, which was the original intention of the author. We do not see that this method of presentation either mars or improves the work.

Magazines and Periodicals.

The February *Lippincott's* is bright and crisp. The complete story of "The Sign of the Four," by A. Conan Doyle. The second part of "Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Elkirk of Life,'" is given, edited by Julian Hawthorne. The titles of the other articles will show the variety: "Why do we Measure Mankind?" "The Salon Idea of New York;" "Shelley's Welsh Haunts;" "The Blue-and-Gold Man-child;" "The Newspaper and the Individual;" "A Plea for Press Censorship;" "Married Geniuses;" "The Forestry Problem;" and "The Dissipation of Reading." There are poems, etc. J. B. Lippincott Co.: Philadelphia.

"Life Among the Congo Savages," by Herbert Ward, is the opening paper in the February *Scribner's*. "Through the Gate of Dreams," by T. R. Sullivan, is a singularly interesting paper, which is followed by one upon "John Ericsson, the Engineer," by William Conant Church. "A Day in Literary Madrid," by W. H. Bishop; "Through the Centuries," by W. H. Mallock; "The Minnesota Heir of a Serbian King," by Eugene Schuyler, give the index to this fine number of a fine monthly. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.

The February *Harper's* is a very excellent number. "The Standing Army of Great Britain," by Gen. Vincent Wolsey; "Benvenuto Cellini," by Elizabeth Worsley Latimer; "Jamaica, New and Old" (second paper), by Howard Pyle; "The Lake Dwellers," by S. H. M. Byers; and "The New York Banks," by Richard Wheatley, are the great articles. But there are stories, poems, and all the usual departments, all of which will both interest and instruct. Harper Bros.: New York.

The February *Forum* has the following papers, which will each demand more or less attention and interest: "The Ethics of Property," by W. S. Lilly; "America's Fourth Century," by Gen. Francis A. Walker; "Key Notes from Rome," by Henry Charles Lee; "Problems of American Archeology," by Major J. W. Powell; "The Power of the Supreme Court," by Eaton S. Drone; "Moral Aspects of College Life," by President C. C. Adams; "A Political Paradox," by Leonard W. Bacon; "The Immigrant's Answer," by Judge John P. Altgeld; "Mrs. Grundy's Kingdom," by Eliza Lynn Linton; "Writing for the Stage," by Prof. Alfred Hennequin. New York: The Forum Pub. Co., 233 Fifth Avenue.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for the current month is still abreast of the times. Andrew D. White, LL. D., L. H. D., continues his "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science;" J. J. Menzies writes of "The Localization of Industries;" Prof. Charles D. Jameson pictures "The Evolution of the Modern Railway Bridge;" Horace White finds a disagreement between "Agriculture and the Single Tax;" General Tschoung-tong's paper on "Chinese Silk-Lore" is reprinted from *La Nature*. Besides these there are other articles of value and interest. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The February *Nicholas* is specially interesting, the notable article of the number being "The Story of the Great Storm at Samoa," retold for American young folks by John P. Dunning, lately correspondent at Samoa for the Associated Press. Nora Perry finishes her story of "May Bartlett's Step-mother" in a highly satisfactory manner. "A Wonderful Pair of Slippers" indeed were those embroidered for Elsie Leslie by Mark Twain and William Gillette, and the letter the former sends concerning them is irresistibly funny. Of course this is only a portion of the good things of this issue, which must be read to be enjoyed. Century Co.: Union Square, New York.

Probably the current *Wide Awake* will be regarded as the best of this charming young people's magazine. It is almost impossible to summarize the good things. We will mention a few: "Ain Said: A Persian Story," by Mary E. Bradley; "Snow-Shoe Thompson's Run," by Lieut. F. P. Fremont; "Kit Carson," by Jessie Benton Fremont; "The Grandson of Geronimo," by Walter Hough. The several continued stories are, besides, of great interest. D. Lothrop Co.: Boston.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February proffers an attractive collection of serial and short stories, with miscellaneous articles, "What to Wear," and "The Gatherer." The frontispiece, "My Lady"—is drawn by Percy Tarrant. Cassell & Company, Limited: Fourth Avenue, New York.

The February *Quaker* is an excellent number. One is surprised to note how many-sided are the attractions of this religious magazine. It is designed not only for Sunday reading, but for week days as well. Serials, short stories, poetry, essays, with a generous bundle of well-made "Short Arrows," all the interesting papers of this issue. Cassell & Company, Limited: Fourth Avenue, New York.

The February number of *Our Little Ones* and the *Nursery* has stories and pictures for Valentine's day, in addition to the usual amount of fascinating reading of which the small people of the household never tire. Russell Publishing Co.: 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

The February *Penny* contains much that will interest and instruct the younger folks of the family circle. The "P. S. Corner" is thickly populated with helpful thoughts. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.

Our Little Men and Women is just the magazine for children beginning to read, with nice stories, poems and pictures. D. Lothrop Co.: Boston.

The *Young Woman's Magazine* is an interesting periodical for young ladies, published by Frank E. Housh & Co., Brattleboro, Vt., containing stories, and poems, and articles pertaining to home life.

The *Century* for February offers its readers many interesting and timely papers. "An Artist's Letters from Japan," by John L. Farge, is the opening article. Richard Henry Stoddard follows with a short poem, and James Whitcomb Riley with a characteristic one entitled, "The Old Band." Then comes the continuation of the fascinating "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." Francis Newman Thorpe has a political paper on "Washington and Montana." C. D. G. Roberts has a short piece of verse, and Amelia E. Barr's "The Friend Olivia," is continued. A. A. Hayes has a paper, with real Western flavor, entitled, "Laramie Jack." Then a poem by Edith M. Thomas, and Prof. Fisher's paper, Frank R. Stockton's "Merry Chatter," a poem by Walt Whitman, and an article by Charles de Kay, the continuation of Abraham Lincoln's biography, etc., carry the reader through more pages of the most popular reading matter. Century Co.: New York.

An etching by James Doble, from the painting by E. J. Poynter, R. A., called "A Roman Boat Race," forms the frontispiece of the February *Magazine of Art*. The piece de resistance of the number, from a literary standpoint, is Mr. Swinburne's poem, "Loch Torridon," which, with its illustrations, covers four pages of the magazine. A paper on "The Art of Dry Point," illustrated by the author, is given by Mortimer Menpes. The "Personal Reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage" are accompanied by two portraits of the artist by himself and one from Rodin's statue. There is a full-page reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the Countess Gower and her daughter, an article, with illustrations in blue ink, on "Old Blue and White Nankon China," several other papers of interest, and a full batch of foreign and American art notes. Cassell & Co., Limited: New York.

The February *Cosmopolitan* is as rich in material in every way as has been issued. It is marvelous that for \$2.40 per issue the publisher and editor of this magazine can serve such a feast to its do. If there is anybody, among our readers, looking around for a monthly magazine, we suggest they purchase the February *Cosmopolitan*, and see if in twelve months this might not fit their taste. The *Cosmopolitan*: Fifth Ave., New York.

Obituaries.

[Obituaries are hereafter to be restricted to the space of 300 words; in the case of preachers to 400 words. Notices that exceed this limit, will be returned to their writers for revision.]

McKEOWN. Mrs. Velina Bayles McKee, wife of Rev. Andrew McKee, was born at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, July 17, 1834, and died at Newton, July 8, 1890, aged 54 years, 11 months, 21 days.

She was the daughter of Jeremiah and Eliza Worth Pease, and the youngest of a family of three sons and three daughters. Her father had been long prominent in Methodism, the parents and sisters and several of the brothers being active and useful members of the church. Her father and one of the brothers were many years local preachers; the former having selected the Martha's Vineyard camp-ground, and interested himself to secure the meeting at that point, and many years led its singing, and the latter still holding the office of treasurer of the Association.

Her schooling was obtained at Edgartown, and at East Greenwich Academy. At the age of seventeen she experienced religion and joined the church under the fruitful ministry of Rev. J. B. Gould. On Feb. 21, 1855, she was united in marriage to Rev. A. McKee, then stationed at North Bridgewater (Brookline), and began with high heart and courage that life in the itinerant ministry in which she never faltered for thirty-four years, till her work was done. She had three sons and five daughters—two sons and one daughter dying in infancy, the others still living. As a wife and mother she was faithful and true, tender and devoted. She lived for others, and lives in their hearts.

Her work was not without its trials. She had the rarest good sense and taste, a genuine piety, and a heart overflowing with love and sympathy for all. It is the testimony of her husband that, during the thirty-four years of their itinerant ministry, she never spoke a word in the parish, that came to him, that he could have wished she had not said. It was said of her that she never made an enemy or lost a friend. Her friends were numerous, her intimate friendships rare and precious. The best and noblest souls of the parish yielded their depths to her. Her intellectual capacity was good, her knowledge of books considerable, her literary tastes high and critical. Her piety was the steady glow of the living coal rather than the glare of the jetting flame. As a teacher in the Sunday-school, the leader of children's classes, meetings, president and secretary of the ladies' aid society, she was efficient; and she could on occasion, though it cost her timidity an effort, bear clear and unequivocal testimony to the Saviour's pardoning love. Yet she did not so much profess her attainments in religion as show them in her beautiful Christian life. Her presence in an angel of goodness. Her presence in a parish was felt as a benediction, and the weak and weary ones, the vexed and tired, drew into her company to feel and share her quiet strength.

The disease of which she died manifested itself in September, 1888, and progressed steadily to its fatal termination, July 8, 1890—ten months of suffering, without, however, much acute pain till the very last. No word of murmur escaped her lips, but with the sweetest resignation and courage she who had been so fearful stepped out into the great unknown. She died with the sweetest health, and without great sorrow or disappointment till life's meridian was reached, and then without tardy or painful delay she passed on to the glory invisible. To one who asked her if she had any fears for the future, "Oh, no," she said, "I never had any; the Lord said he would be 'just going out with the tide,' and we thought of her as a child again, in her childhood's home, watching the ships go out. Her ship was indeed going out to sea, on its long voyage. The time of her departure was at hand. It was Sabbath morning. The chime of the neighboring church struck up the sweet refrain, 'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.' 'Oh, how beautiful!' she said; 'how beautiful!' Rev. Mr. Gould, who had received her into the church so many years before, she was privileged to have with her again; he administered to her the sacrament, and she lay down, strengthened her faith for an abundant entrance into the church triumphant. Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Clark, whom she greatly admired and loved as her ideal of a Christian minister, knelt at her bedside, and in the strong arms of a tender, uplifting prayer bore her through the portals of Jordan till her feet touched the other shore.

COM. Sparrow.—Ruth N. Sparrow was born in Chatham Mass., November 17, 1829, and died in Dorchester, Nov. 12, 1889.

She was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in her native town when she was a child, so that her whole life was consecrated to the service of Christ. In 1850 she and her husband moved to Boston, where Sister Sparrow united with the Withrop Street church, and became at once identified with the benevolent activities of that society. Three years ago, when she read in *ZION'S HERALD* of the movement to build the Stanton Avenue church, she said she would like to move out there and "grow up" with that church. Accordingly, in May, 1888, she and her husband, together with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eben Crowell, moved to Dorchester, and became identified with the Stanton Avenue church. Before the end of the first year, by her pleasant bearing towards others, by her bright testimonies and inspiring prayers in the meetings, and by her un-

ending acts of benevolence, she had won the hearts of all the people in the church. "I shall live in the same home with her for several years, and I have never known of her saying anything or doing anything that seemed to me to be wrong." She had no idea of her own goodness, and was always unassuming in her own goodness. For this reason, during her last protracted illness, she thought it very strange that so many people should be interested in her. Her last handiwork was a beautiful piece of linen lace, which, with almost her dying breath, she bequeathed to the Ladies' Aid Society of the Stanton Avenue Church to be used in paying the church debt. During the pastor's last visit to her, on the day before her death, she said: "Tell the people at the church that I am all ready to go, and that everything is all right."

T. C. W.

Griffin.—Mrs. Maria A. Messer, wife of Justin E. Griffin, was born in Methuen, July 17, 1818, and died at her home in that place, Nov. 18, 1889.

She was converted at the age of nineteen, and with her husband joined the M. E. Church in Methuen, of which she remained a faithful and consistent member for fifty-two years. She died of heart failure caused by congestion, almost without notice; but all who knew her are sure she was ready to go. A faithful mother, a loving wife, a true friend and neighbor, she will be loved in loving and regretful remembrance. Her funeral was attended by the M. E. and Baptist pastors of Methuen, and a remarkably impressive address was given by Rev. Dr. Israel McConnell, the pastor of Havelland Street M. E. Church of Lawrence, Mass., from 2 Tim. 4: 6-8, which was almost, if not quite, his last public speaking on earth, before he, too, went home to the Master.

Sister Griffin leaves a husband, three sons, and five daughters to mourn their loss, and her memory will be tenderly cherished by them, while they are comforted with the assurance that, believing, she hath entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

ELSA C. G. PAGE.

Plummer.—Mrs. Lydia C. Plummer died in Somerville, Mass., Nov. 10, 1889, at the age of 82 years.

Sister Plummer was converted in a revival under the labors of the first pastor of the Methodist Church in Londonderry, N. H., Rev. Henry Nutter, in 1854. Sister Plummer was for a number of years a member of the church, and was for the interest of the church. For a few years she had resided in Somerville, Mass., where she was cared for by a niece. Death found her ready for the change. Her funeral was attended by the writer of this obituary, in the Methodist Church at Londonderry, and her body was laid beside her husband in Glenwood Cemetery. A loss to the church, but a gain to her.

I. TAGGART.

King.—Miss King died at Landaff, N. H., in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Calvin Heath, Nov. 11, 1889, aged 80 years and 7 months.

He met with an accident some three months before he died, which confined him to his room and doubtless hastened his death. Brother King removed from Vermont to Landaff in 1826, and here he lived till death took him to the better land. He was converted in his youth and soon after joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained a consistent member till he died. He loved the means of grace and was regular in his attendance there so long as he was able to go. He had been a constant subscriber to *ZION'S HERALD* for over fifty years. Brother King was a hard working man, a peaceable man, and a good man, and was respected by all who knew him. His end was peace. He has left one son and four daughters to mourn their loss, whom may God bless and grant to meet their dear father in heaven.

W.

It is not what one says, but everybody who knows appreciates Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

RHEUMATISM is undoubtedly caused by lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the throat tissues, and causes the pain in the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1890.

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THE GRACE OF FORGETTING.

We fancy the reader shakes his head as his eyes fall upon these words—the grace of forgetting. "Ah," he cries, "you may tell me that it is a good thing to be able to forget, sometimes—a very convenient thing, and perhaps helpful in a selfish way—but when you make it out a virtue, and what is more a grace, you mustn't expect me to endorse your remarkable statement until you have advanced something to prove it." Very well said, O cautious and reasonable reader! Therefore we crave your thoughtful attention to a few considerations in favor of an assumption which challenges your common-sense in the very statement.

You will readily admit that there are certain things which one is under no moral obligation to remember; such, for instance, as the pain of a toothache or the name of a poem. It may be helpful and convenient for a person to remember such things; so that, in the one case, memory of pain past may tend to keep one on one's guard against needlessly incurring pain in the future, and in the other case, useful information may be readily at hand; but no moral obligation is involved. Thus we see that there is no virtue in the mere act of remembering as such, neither is there any moral blame in the mere act of forgetting as such. It follows, therefore, that only with respect to certain things is the act of remembering morally praiseworthy; and it would be easy to show that there are things which it is a man's moral duty to remember. Now, among the things which we are all at liberty to forget, may there not be some which we ought to forget? That is to say, may not the moral sentiment which attaches a positive value to remembering certain things, attach a negative value to remembering other things? This is a fair supposition, and, if it can be shown to have some ground in reality, in fact, should in justice be admitted.

The question then, is—are there in reality certain things which, the moral sentiment of mankind tells us, we ought to forget? Certainly, all must admit that there is one class of things of which this must be true, and that is repented injuries on the part of others. It is also our moral duty to forget temptations, inasmuch as the mental recurrence of temptation is a constant and subtle stimulus to disobedience.

It seems no more than a reasonable deduction from what has been said, that there is resting upon all of us a moral obligation of forgetfulness. But whatever is done in response to moral law is a virtue. And whatever virtue is cultivated in a Christian spirit becomes a grace. Therefore forgetting is a grace.

If we have convinced the reader that there may be genuine Christian virtue in that *lupus memoria* toward which he was at first so suspiciously inclined, we will content ourselves with pointing out, by way of practical application, a few more particulars in which Christian forgetting is a grace. We have instanced the forgetting of repented injuries on the part of others, and also the forgetting of past temptations. Another kind of forgetting that is eminently Christian is the forgetting of obligations which we have laid upon others by doing them service. Nothing is more un-Christian, or, for that matter, more ungracious in a merely worldly sense, than to show that we retain the memory of an obligation which we have done another.

Then there is the Christian grace of forgetting past achievements. Was it not that noblest of apostles who shaped all his life "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before?" Lastly, let us mention the Christian grace of forgetting trouble. Trouble works out its beneficent results in our lives, but not through our brooding over it. It is wrong to

by cherishing the memory of suffering. One mark of the true Christian is that he nees trouble, and does not abuse it.

THROUGH THE SOUTHLAND.

III.

Our friends at Atlanta, the new not less than the old, made our stay so delightful that we were reluctant to depart. The faculty of Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary, cultivated and refined, are purposely shunned by the people of that proud city because they are teaching the negroes. There is not a social circle in the North or the West that would not gladly open to such ladies and gentlemen; but in this Southland, to teach the colored people is an offense that brings upon those who undertake it absolute exclusion from what is characterized as the *élite* of society. No lady from Atlanta ever enters the homes of the faculty. This ostracism may in a measure explain why these kind friends are so glad to greet and bless their Northern visitors. The evening before we left, the students gathered about the home where we were so happily entertained, and gave us a serenade of inspiring songs such as only that race can sing.

As we approached the ticket-office, a negro was in advance of us who asked in a gentlemanly tone for a ticket. When handed to him, he was dismissed with an oath. As he stepped upon the platform of the car, and we were following him, we were told to take another car. We then learned that though the colored man paid the same price for his ticket, he could not ride in the same car with the white man. Georgia compels him to occupy an inferior compartment. In Atlanta we met a lady, cultivated, attractive, with a distinguished scholar and Christian gentleman as her husband, and the mother of beautiful children. There is negro blood, however, in her veins, and if she would ride in the cars in that State, she must take her place in the poorer accommodations provided for the negroes. Everywhere this lady is subjected to the slights and indignities which the white race of Georgia heap on the colored, until she said, in a moment of chagrin and sorrow, recently, "I will stay at my home and never go anywhere again." We pushed our way through the train, and sat in the car allotted to the colored people. A half of a car was provided for the middle, and the other end was used as a smoking apartment. The entire car was saturated with tobacco smoke, for every time that the door in the partition was opened, the smoke poured out of the other end of the car into the portion occupied by the negroes. I said to the colored man, "What if you should come back into the car where we have taken seats?" "They would throw me off the train. They put Bishop Gaines' daughter off on this same road a little time since." Bishop Gaines is of the African Church and lives at Atlanta. The Bishop brought suit against the railroad because his daughter was put off the train, but the courts of the State sustained the road.

In the Palmetto State.

Leaving Atlanta at 8 A. M., we arrived at our next stopping place, Orangeburg, S. C., at the same hour in the evening. There is nothing attractive in the scenery, so far as we observed from the train, in Georgia or in South Carolina. The fields are uncultivated, the houses are principally the wretched cabins of the negroes. A withering blight, reminding one of a curse, rests upon the land agriculturally. Farming (as known in the North and the West) is not practiced. But little stock is raised or fed. Phosphates are used generally as fertilizers. Cotton, corn, sugar-cane and rice are the staple crops. Looking upon the cotton fields, not unlike, to our mind, the wild blackberry bushes of New England, we read a tale of indescribable agony. Wendell Phillips once said that "the South was choked with cotton dust and cankered with gold." The lash and the bloodhound are not used as in former days, but the poor laborer is still pressed by dependence and hunger to unrequited toil in the cotton-field. The public school-house, if seen at all in the villages, is rude and uninviting. The churches are elevated on brick pillars without lattice-work underneath. They are frame churches and noticeably plain and inexpensive.

Clark University.

This is located at Orangeburg, and was founded by Hon. Lee Claflin. As we approached the spacious campus, we saw that the numerous buildings were illuminated as a welcome to us. We were quite overcome at such an unexpected greeting. Here were passed two most joyous days. We would that we could give our readers some adequate impression of the work which is here being done for the negro. Nearly one thousand students are enrolled. Dr. L. M. Dunton is president, and his accomplished wife is preceptress. Both are thoroughly qualified for and adapted to the work. The peculiar feature about this institution is the fact—which should be mentioned to the great credit of South Carolina—that the State generously shares in the work done, appointing three of the ablest instructors. The president is an enthusiastic believer in industrial education as the greatest help to the solution of the negro problem in aiding the race to secure a competent livelihood, and thus become independent and self-respecting. Hence, in addition to the regular courses of study, nearly every branch of industry is taught under skillful direction. A large farm is connected with the University, and the students are instructed in practical agriculture and thrift. Boys are taught house-painting, brick-making, masonry, carpentry, shoe-making, tailoring,

blacksmithing, and the grinding of grain; girls receive instruction in cooking, laundry work, sewing, and cutting their own garments. One day in each week is termed "Industrial Day," and every student is enthusiastically engaged in some one of these departments. We have never been privileged to mingle with teachers and students where more eager, earnest and successful work was done. The pupils are willing to make any sacrifice, and do their best in the most studious occupation, that they may become proficient in what is taught. Are they equal to strictly scholarly work? If any of our readers have a lingering doubt on this point, we should like to transport them for a day to the recreation-rooms at Claflin University. We will enter one of them for a moment. It is the large room in the main building. Mrs. Dunton has her class in English literature. There are thirty or more members. On the walls we notice the portraits of Hon. Wm. Claflin and Miss Sterling, eminent benefactors of the institution. These students are from fourteen to twenty-five years of age, and of all shades of complexion; but in the Southern view all are black. Mrs. Dunton has separated her class into two divisions; one she terms Athenians, and the other Spartans. They are making a spirited trial to see which division will acquire themselves most creditably in the study. She led them in reviews of all the work done. It is difficult to speak of this exhibition of faithful and successful scholarship without the appearance of extravagant praise. The names of the English writers, with critical analysis of their works and voluminous quotations from the same, were given with a readiness and familiarity we have never seen surpassed.

Two of the faces in that number will especially linger with us—one, a young lady who sat nearest to us, her face as white, as fair, and as well-formed as any young lady in our Northern homes. Her eyes were lustrous with expression. A crimson flush tinted the fair cheeks. Her hair, dark and wavy brown, was beautifully dressed. She was tidily attired. Leaning towards the teacher, we asked under breath, "Is that girl colored?" "Certainly," she replied. Ah! the tragedy of this odious racial line! In this Southland that girl may be the fairest of the fair, as highly cultivated and elegant as any lady, and yet the moiety of negro blood in her veins, be it ever so little, dooms her to social contempt and ostracism! In the haughty, aristocratic circles of this proud State she will be spurned as a social leper. She may be the mental of the white woman, or the mistress of the man of unbridled lust. Amalgamation does not seem to be a terror here unless it have social and legal recognition. One-fourth of the negro race shows white parentage. The "double family" is a relation peculiar to this land. The other face is that of a boy of fourteen summers. It is a large, open, attractive countenance, with bright and genial eye. We know now that he must be a negro, or he would not be here. In a Northern school, with a group of white boys and girls, you would not suspect it. He is the best scholar of his age in the class. There is a modest and winsome manner about him that attracts one strongly. That boy is sent to this university from Charleston because of his honorable record in the colored schools there, by the commissioners of education in that city. That youth, we are confident, has a future before him which will yet attract public attention. He will naturally migrate where ability and merit are recognized without regard to color. We should like to see him in Boston University.

But we must restrain our pen. We could easily fill one issue of the paper with the impressions made upon us at this remarkable institution. It is well worth a trip from New England to visit Claflin University. It is doing the most to solve this vexing and urgent problem. Dr. Dunton has found his place. He has the genius for the management of such a vast mission. The Freedmen's Aid work has always been a specialty with us, with voice and pen; it is now the supreme cause of the denomination. Claflin University is a great objection to the State. The Southerner is himself greatly surprised at the striking results. On Commencement day ten thousand people gather on the campus—the Governor, representatives to Congress and other distinguished men, and the people from all sources. The leavening and transforming influence which goes out in light, example, instruction and silent power to overcome inherent prejudice and ignorance, is incalculably beneficial. The Stars and Stripes are ever lifted over this campus. May they indeed be the signal of genuine freedom to all American citizens who are shadowed in their wavering folds!

Charleston.

We reached this historic city in the evening. At early morning we were in quest of objects of interest. Fort Moultrie is shown the visitor, and the more interesting Sumter, where the brave Anderson could be conquered, but could not be disloyal. Somehow our blood moves faster as we look upon these historic sites and recall the fact that this commonwealth and this city so arrogantly precipitated the conflict which cost so much blood, agony and tears. Here, then, was the cornerstone of the Confederacy, and it was built upon slavery. They will show you the city auction-block near the post-office, where weekly for many years children, women and men were sold as heartlessly as mules. If you search long enough, you may find the old original slave-mart with its high brick walls, where the negroes were incarcerated, waiting sale.

The Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church is a structure of especial interest. It is a large and beautiful building, with high, fluted columns in front. There are memorial tablets erected on each side of the pulpit. The one on the right is in memory of Rev. Alonzo Webster, D. D., who was born at Weston, Vt. This is the inscription: "This memorial is erected by Centenary Church in grateful love and honor for him by whose untiring zeal for God and devotion to our people this edifice was purchased." The one at the left is in memory of Rev. Timothy Willard Lewis, who died on Sullivan Island, Sept. 30, 1871. The memory of these men is held gratefully sacred by the colored people. Here is a membership of some two thousand colored people and a very prosperous church. Here Beecher once preached, and described the singing as the most inspiring that he ever heard.

St. Michael's and St. Philip's were visited, but of these the readers are so often told, that we may pass them by. There is nothing striking about these structures. In the yard of St. Philip's Church John C. Calhoun, "the great nullifier," is buried. He is still the political and patron saint to the people of this city and South Carolina. At the head of his grave there grows a large magnolia tree, a foot at least in diameter, that was planted on the day of his burial by the hand of Mrs. Senator Wigfall.

The climate here is mild—much like a June day in New England. The season is unusually warm for the South. The rose and the jessamine blossom in rich and fragrant profusion. Charleston is old, hoary and dilapidated. The political status of the city is a sad but painful commentary on the purpose of the white man in this relation to the black. We are informed that there are more colored than white people. There is not a negro holding any office in the gift of the people. The prerogative of citizenship is wrested from the colored man. Many of the blacks are intelligent, thrifty, and possessed of no little wealth. Through subterfuge, diplomacy and intimidation the black man loses his right of franchise. With gravest apprehension we ask, How long will he submit to such treatment?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Literary Institutions in Cities.
The value of a literary institution of high grade to the city in which it is located, was brought out by Seth Low, in his inaugural address assuming the presidency of Columbia College, Feb. 3. A great institution is a witness to the supremacy of intellect of the higher things. The instructors "hold fast the learning that men have wrested hitherto from experience and study and carry the ever-shifting boundaries of human knowledge forward into the vast unknown." He said:—
"The value of the college to New York is not to be measured by the services of her citizens, but by the permanent value to the city in the constant witness she bears to the usefulness and nobility of the intellectual life, and in the work she is always doing to develop and uplift that life. Columbia College, college and university both as she really is, holds aloft this ideal in the great city where finance and commerce show the power of the money-bags, and the influence makes always to strengthen the things which are good. In her financial management she illustrates a business trust faithfully administered without a breach for 130 years. On her educational side, she displays the splendid usefulness of money which is received, not to be hoarded, but to be well spent. She is profoundly conscious that what she is doing is but the earnest of what she does, if New York will but make common cause with her and enlarge and broaden and deepen her work on every side."

How Columbia has been no more of a power in that great city of Mammon is a problem we are not quite able to solve. Founded in 1754 and amply endowed, the number of students within a few years ran up to more than 160 or 170, and has only reached double that number now, while Harvard has near 2,000, and Boston, in our little triumvirate, is fast ascending the scale. For some reason Columbia has never possessed the leaving power Harvard retained in the city for a hundred years a sort of unrecognized quantity; instructing a few from the choice families, but making little impression upon the city as a whole. It is possible the reason may be found in the fact that the control of the college has been in the hands of wealthy Episcopalians, and has been used for the interests of a favored class rather than for the masses of aspiring young men. However this may be, Columbia seems now to be ready to take a leap forward, under the lead of the new president, who has shown himself in other departments a man of ability and worth, in whose elevation to the headship the friends of the institution may well rejoice.

PERSONALS.

Dr. Mendenhall, of the Methodist Review, is reported as improving.
—A reply from "Manhattan" to his critics will appear in our next issue.
—Rev. George W. Pepper, of the North Ohio Conference, has been appointed consul to Milan.
—Professor Charles J. Little, of Syracuse University, made a pleasant call at this office last week.
—Col. Wilbur Fish Sanders, one of the new Senators from Montana, is the president of the board of trustees of the Methodist University at Helena.
—Mr. Marshall Field, a prominent Chicago merchant, has given a ten-acre tract of very choice land to the Baptist University now in process of reorganization.
—Dr. Mark Trafton has fully recovered from his late illness, and has returned to his home in North Cambridge. We were glad to greet him in the office last Tuesday.
—On account of overwork, Rev. B. H. Badley has resigned his position as editor of the *Kaukaia-Hind*, and Rev. R. Hoskins, of Shalhanore, has been elected to take his place.
—Rev. Joseph H. Gill, one of our India missionaries who has been spending some time in America, sails for his old field of labor, Feb. 12, in the White Star steamer "Germanic."
—Rev. C. M. Melden, of Northampton, and Rev. Wallace MacMullen, of Springfield, made addresses at the Young People's Convention of the Connecticut Valley, held at Holyoke, Feb. 3.
—Rev. Robert McIntyre, of Grace Church, Chicago, has been suffering from paralysis of the throat for several weeks, and now his famous lecture on "That Boy" Conference Sunday he preached three times, and on Monday evening delivered the not less famous lecture on "That Girl." The purpose of our

Westwood has had a severe illness this winter, and that his physician has ordered him to desist from preaching, studying or writing.

—Dr. O. H. Tiffany, of Minneapolis, is to deliver the annual Washington's Birthday oration before the Union League Club of Chicago, his predecessors in this service being James Russell Lowell and Chauncey M. Depew.

—Dr. J. O. Peck is greatly moving the Southern Conference, which he is now addressing on the subject of missions. Mrs. Peck is with him, and is making a delightful impression upon all who become acquainted with her.

—A publishing house, to be called the Chautauque Century Press, and which will publish all the Chautauque books, is to be founded at Meadville, with Dr. T. L. Flood as president, and Mr. George E. Vincent, son of Bishop Vincent, as editor of books.

—Dean W. F. Thirkield, of Gammon Theological Seminary, has been visiting many of the recent Southern conferences in the interest of the excellent institution which he represents. This is to become the theological school of the South for the colored race.

—Rev. T. W. Bishop sends us a cheery letter and "Transatlantic Echoes" from the Isle of Wight. He has escaped the grippa, has gained ten pounds in weight, expects to join Bro. Pickles in a trip to Palestine, and return home in season to resume work in the spring.

—Rev. Robert M. Lipscomb, the oldest member of the Baltimore Conference, died last week in Baltimore, aged 82 years. He was attacked with influenza about a fortnight ago, and gradually weakened. He was an uncle of the wife of Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson.

—Rev. W. P. Stoddard writes:—"Apropos of my statement in the HERALD that the Bible is now being published in the Italian language at Milan, Italy, I find the interesting fact that the sale of the weekly parts has reached 30,000 copies. I suppose everybody knows that the edition is illustrated."

—At the next meeting of the Brooklyn Methodist Social Union, Monday evening, Feb. 17, Dr. A. B. Leonard will deliver an address on "Methodism—Its Mission." He spends the Sunday previous with the Central and Campello Churches, preaching missionary sermons.

—Rev. L. P. Cushman, now of Lynn, in his work in New Orleans and in his district as presiding elder, endeared himself very closely to the colored people whom he so faithfully served. They speak of him still with grateful affection. Several churches bear his name.

—Bishop Bowman has just held the Florida Conference at Jacksonville, and then the South Carolina at Marion. The sessions were especially marked by spiritual impressiveness and power. The ministers speak with hearty gratitude of the spirit and unction of the senior Bishop.

—Rev. M. S. Kaufman, A. M., pastor of the Pleasant St. Church, New Bedford, sails for Egypt, Egypt and the Holy Land, in the steamer "Nordland," Red Star Line, on Wednesday, Feb. 12, from New York direct to Antwerp. He expects to spend about a month in the Holy Land.

—At the recent session of the Louisiana Conference, held at Shreveport, the ministerial brethren presented Dr. J. C. Hartzell an elegant silver service as an expression of the affectionate esteem in which he is held by them. Dr. Hartzell became a member of this Conference twenty years ago.

—The G. A. R. Posts in and about Chicago have united to present the name of Dr. H. W. Bolton as a candidate for the Illinois department commandery. Such evidence of the popularity of the pastor of Clark St. Church, in his adopted Western home are not at all surprising to his Eastern friends.

—Dr. Kynett, secretary of the Church Extension Society, went with his wife from the session of the Florida Conference to St. Augustine for a few days of rest. His wife is an invalid. The Church Extension Society cooperates very helpfully with the Freedmen's Aid Society in its great work in the South.

—A beautiful memorial window has been placed in the new Park Avenue Church, Chicago, in memory of the late Rev. J. H. Baylis, D. D., of the Western Christian Advocate. Dr. Baylis was the first pastor of this church, serving it when it was a humble mission in 1866. The window is a gift from Mrs. Baylis.

—A tender and beautiful "Memorial Portrait" of the late Rev. Zachariah Atwell Mudge, A. M., drawn by the loving hand of his nephew, Rev. James Mudge, is issued in neat and tasteful pamphlet form—a grateful souvenir of a widely-loved and saintly minister of the Lord Jesus Christ in the New England Conference.

—Rev. Charles A. Littlefield, pastor of Florence Street Church, Springfield, and Miss A. Jane Whipple, daughter of A. J. Whipple, esq., were married at the church in Malden, Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 5. The service was most impressively performed by Bishop Foster, assisted by Rev. W. P. Odell, Miss Whipple's pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Littlefield have gone on a wedding trip to Washington and other places, soon going to Springfield, where a cordial welcome awaits them.

—The numerous friends of Dr. Mark Staple in the N. E. Conference and its limits, will be glad to learn of his convalescence from the long and serious illness by which he has been prostrated since June in October. For many weeks his feet stood on the threshold of the other world; but a merciful Father has heard and answered the earnest prayers offered in his behalf, and his friends now hope for early restoration to comparative health. Dr. Staple's mental vigor is unimpaired.

—The South Carolina Conference closed last Monday, after a profitable session. A correspondent sends the following appointments, in which our readers may be interested: Presiding elder Charleston District, J. E. Wilson, D. D.; Beaufort District, D. M. Minus; Greenville District, I. E. Lowery; Florence District, F. L. Baxter; Orangeburg District, E. C. Brown. Charleston, Centenary Church, A. C. Dutton; Old Bethel, B. M. Witherspoon; Wesley Church, E. M. Pinckney. Two men on the Charleston District were returned for the fifth year.

—Brooklyn Central Church mourns the death of its oldest member, Mother Martha Copeland, who, after a short illness, passed away in her 90th year. Her father, Sylvester Munro, was one of the founders of the Methodist church in Bristol, R. I.; and Mrs. Copeland and her husband, the late Ward C. Copeland, were among the original seven members of the first class in Fall River. Singularly enough, of the seven children born to "Mother" Copeland, all were present at the funeral, and all are professing Christians. An obituary will be furnished by the pastor.

much-beloved Bishop should be commended; but his judgment is open to question. No man is able to do that amount of work in such a brief time without injury to himself. We are moved to quote what we once heard Bishop James say, that "Only the devil was pleased when a minister broke down in health." The church is not anxious to bury that kind of a bishop.

—Rev. Dr. A. S. Lakin, of the Missouri Conference, died, Jan. 22, at the age of 80 years. The *Northeastern* says:—"He was a remarkable man, in view of the variety and forcefulness of his long life-work. Though a chaplain in the army, he went into battle with his regiment, and was twice honored for his bravery. After the war he served as a repeated target for Southern rifles aimed in secret. His escapes were numerous, and yet he continued to labor to establish our Conference in the South until the work became comparatively safe. While in that field the ministers of his district were shot, and his churches were burned. It is of record that Dr. Lakin owed his safety to the colored people, who led him to his duty through by-paths, and that he often slept in the woods so that he might not endanger those who tendered him hospitality and comfort. We have had many narrations from his own lips of some of the perils through which he passed, but the facts were always given modestly after special requests for them."

BRIEFLETS.

The Presbytery of Chicago, which probably stands next to New York in importance in the American Presbyterian Church, voted almost unanimously for the revision of the Confession at its meeting last week.

A suggestive little pamphlet on the "Organization, Management, and Grading of the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.," by George S. Bennett, has reached us. Teachers and superintendents will doubtless find in it much that is helpful concerning Sunday-school work.

The Board of Control of the Epworth League met in Chicago, Feb. 6, about thirty members being present. Bishop Fitzgerald presided. Rev. Dr. J. L. Hurlbut was elected corresponding secretary; Rev. R. B. Doherty, recording secretary; Dr. J. M. Freeman, treasurer. There are at present 1,910 chapters in the League, and in round numbers 100,000 members. A full report has been received, which will appear in the League paper.

The Washington Post announces that arrangements are making for the purchase of a 90-acre tract of land on the Tenallytown road, near Oak View, ex-President Cleveland's country home, as a site for the new Methodist Episcopal National University. Bishop Hurst, whose residence is in that city, is at the head of the movement, and has paid an option of \$1,000 on the property, which is to be sold for \$100,000.

The interest in the proposed new Baker Memorial Church is increasing rapidly, but subscriptions from outside Methodist laymen of \$1,000, to make up the required \$7,000, is needed to enable this society to complete the church according to the terms of the will. Mr. Darius Wellington, of Savin Hill, has very generously donated enough beautiful stone (granite) to build the church. Subscriptions can be sent to Rev. S. Cushing, 546 Shawmut Ave.

What an awful power is given to man in choice! No beast has it—no other creature but man, so far as we know, unless it be the angels. We are permitted to select our destiny, to choose an eternity of light and joy and holy fellowship, or one of woe and darkness. And this power of choice is confined to the brief, uncertain period of our mortal life. Surely, nothing is so urgent—no personal plan or scheme whatsoever—as the determination of whom we will serve both here and hereafter.

We print on the editorial page of this issue a portion of Dr. J. W. Hamilton's address before the New England Historical Society, bearing upon the origin of Zion's HERALD. The concluding part will be published next week. To avoid misunderstanding, we wish to state that Dr. Hamilton's attitude is not that of one who sets out to substantiate the claim of this paper to continued existence since 1823. The part that he takes in the controversy is purely incidental. Three months ago he began the preparation of a paper, "One Hundred Years of Methodism in Boston," of which this forms the third section. The whole address was delivered in Wesleyan Hall.

On the 20th of last month, in the little Tarrytown of Dophin-Ka, funeral wreaths were recently laid by the Russian officials upon the grave of an Englishman who, a hundred years before, ended a life of rare philanthropy in the adjoining town of Kheron, on the shore of the Black Sea, and was buried in the neighborhood of the name and deeds of John Howard, who dedicated his life to the reform of prisons and lazarettos in Europe, has grown more fragrant with the passing of the years. It has taken a century to measure the greatness and nobility of his labors and self-sacrifices. An obituary to his memory, recording his age and date of death, and telling the passer-by both in Russian and Latin, "Vixit propter alios, alios salvos fecit," stands opposite the old prison at Kheron. His first statue admitted his century by an erection of a monument in Bedford town where his labors began—a reminder to townsfolk and travelers that they, too, may make their lives sublime.

The calamity in the house of Secretary Tracy, where three of the inmates perished with only a moment's warning, and the Secretary himself barely escaped a similar fate, leads to a solemn and impressive homily on the uncertainty of human life. "Ye know not the day nor the hour," is a lesson of Providence reiterated in trumpet tones. "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow, for what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh," carries with it added weight of wisdom in the presence of such a bereavement and sorrow. To a peaceful and slumbering household, guarded by every modern appliance, and assured of almost absolute security, death comes stealthily, without note of alarm, and as an armed man. And in his claims there is no respect of persons. To the palace of the great and wealthy as to the cot of the humble toiler, he comes in an unexpected moment, and at his call there is no delay. The summons is instant and absolute, as little ceremony being used in the case of the great Secretary as in that of the meanest citizen. In the presence of this unexampled disaster we should heed the admonition: "Be ye also ready."

First Response for the Haven Memorial.
MR. A. S. WEBB: I have just read the editorial in dear old Zion's HERALD about the Southland. I have been there, and know just how it is. I include for him the "Haven Memorial." It is in love for him I send it, because he loved the place so much. I am a poor man in this world's goods, having a

sick wife who was almost killed three years ago; but, praise the Lord, He fills our hearts with His love, and it is a blessed privilege to help on the good work. Please don't make my name public. I was a soldier. Yours in His Name,

CONCERNING ZION'S HERALD.

REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D. D.

[From an address before the New England Historical Society, on "One Hundred Years of Methodism in Boston."]

The earliest aggressive movement by the preachers and laymen of the united societies in Boston and New England which was not directly connected with the work of the churches, was the starting of Zion's HERALD. The need of such a paper was recognized and carefully considered very early in the history of New England Methodism. Misrepresentation of doctrine and scandalous characterizations of preachers and people led to such replies, only, as the existing papers chose to print. Esekiel Cooper, when presiding elder of the Boston District, had secured the instruction of several communications in the *Boston Sentinel*. But the Methodists wanted a Methodist paper. A publication was begun in 1815, entitled *The New England Missionary Magazine*. It was edited by Martin Ruter and printed at Concord, N. H., by Isaac Hill. But only four quarterly numbers were issued. In 1821 the New England Conference organized "The Society for Giving and Receiving Religious Intelligence." This, Dr. Stevens says, "gave rise to the establishment of Zion's HERALD, printed by Moses P. Fouse, under the direction of the committee of the society, of which Elijah Hedding was president." Aaron D. Sargent addressed a communication to Zion's HERALD that was printed January 23, 1868, in which he said: "I was present at the Bath (Me.) Conference (then only one Conference in all New England) in June, 1822, when the starting of the paper was fully discussed. Timothy Merritt and Wilbur Fisk led off in the discussion, both favoring the project for various reasons." The first number was printed, January 9, 1823, on a small royal sheet, the pages measuring only nine by sixteen inches. At the Conference held in Providence in June, 1824, a committee was selected, consisting of Elijah Hedding, E. Hyde, J. Lindsay, J. A. Merrill, T. Merritt, E. Mudge and B. Otheman, to enlarge and improve the HERALD, and in the beginning of the second volume the size of the sheet was enlarged, and Barber Badger was appointed the editor.

In the interest of the paper, and because of financial embarrassment, the Conference committee decided to purchase the paper of the printers and to take entire charge of it. But on further consideration it was deemed advisable for one of their number to assume the publication alone. Their representative, Solomon Sias, accordingly contracted with the publishers, and proceeded in his own name, on his own private responsibility. Aided by two or three Methodist laymen in Boston, Mr. Sias had conducted the paper so successfully that when he closed his connection with it, which was at the end of the third year, September 30, 1827, all liabilities had been met, and he left for the benefit of his successors in various kinds of property somewhat over eight thousand dollars, besides a list of about six thousand subscribers.

As early as July 1, 1826, Dr. John Emory, one of the Book Agents at New York, appeared before the trustees of the New England Conference to purchase the HERALD. A committee was then appointed by the trustees, consisting of Solomon Sias and Joseph A. Merrill, to negotiate the sale. As a privilege had been agreed that "one-third of the avails of the HERALD be paid over to the Maine Conference so long as it patronized the paper," the matter of the sale was deferred until the meeting of that Conference. David Kilburn was then appointed the representative of the Conference to assist in the negotiations. The Academy at Wilbraham had been receiving the profits of the HERALD, and most probably to avoid some legal technicalities—but it may have been for some other reason—the paper was transferred first to the trustees of the Academy, but with the recommendation that it be sold to the Book Concern. This transfer was authorized September 12, 1827, and it was effected on the part of the New England Conference by the treasurer of trustees, assisted by J. Lindsay and Solomon Sias. The trustees of the Academy continued to publish the HERALD with Daniel Webb as agent until it was purchased by the Book Concern. With the announcement of the sale of the paper there appeared in the editorial columns of Zion's HERALD, August 27, 1828, the following card signed by the Book Agents:—

"In consequence of the arrangement above mentioned, the following number of this paper will be issued from New York, with the title *Christian Advocate and Zion's Herald*. The papers will be forwarded in the same manner as heretofore. The date of publication will be Friday instead of Wednesday. All communications and remittances from agents or others after this date should be addressed to the editors, N. E. Book Concern, or to the publishers, J. Emory and B. Waugh, No. 14 Crosby St., New York."

"If the former patrons of the Zion's HERALD consent to give the united paper a fair trial, as we respectfully trust they will, we pledge ourselves that no care will be taken to shut out any of our part to make it as good as acceptable

The Family.

BEYOND.

MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

The poet strove to catch the song
Which Nature sang with voice divine,
Imprisoned in the waterfall,
And murmuring through the swaying pine;
The note of bird, the hum of bees,
The throb of Nature's beating heart—
He heard them all, but 'twas in vain
He strove their sweetness to impart.

The painter on his canvas sought,
At sunset's hour, to paint the west,
And all the myriad forms and shades
With which the trees and flowers were dressed—
The wondrous radiance, and the glow
Which bathed the world in rainbow hue.
It faded, even while he worked,
And cold and dead the canvas grew.

The preacher caught a glimpse of Christ
In all His matchless loveliness;
The tender heart that beat for man,
Linked to His royal kingdom;
With glowing words he strove to clothe
The wondrous vision that he saw;
It seemed as human as a man,
Or terrible as Sinai's law.

But all the song which Nature sung
Still pulses in the singer's breast;
And on the painter's canvas hangs
The glowing canvas of the west;
And in the preacher's heart of hearts
That Christ-like vision liveth still,
To stir his life to nobler deeds,
And school his heart to God's will.

Oh, not in vain we strive to climb
To heights which lie beyond our reach;
The real life, uplifted, finds
The lessons they were meant to teach.
They lie before us all the way,
To draw us onward, upward, still,
To One whose life, and light, and love,
Our hungering, thirsting souls can fill.

A MYSTERY.

See how the flame doth cling to the lamp I bear in my hand!
You think it a simple thing, easy to understand?
Of what then is it made, and how was its substance wrought
When it sprang to life and first obeyed the might of Eternal Thought?

The match, this tiny wand, though no magician,
But drew o'er the surface of sand, and lo, the flame leaped high!

I gave to the wick the light, and here is the tongue of fire,
Wonderful, steadfast, bright, never to flag or tire
While wick and oil are renewed; changeless its place it keeps,
Sheltered from wild winds rude it falters not nor sleeps.

And from this flame so small you might kindle the lights of the earth,
All the lamps of home from hovel to hall, all the fires on every hearth;

And the flame would never be less, would lose no atom of power;
Though it gave to all, it would still possess the vigor of its first hour.

'Tis a mystery full of awe; at the heart of creation it lies,
An engine vast of eternal law, a riddle to the wise.
Strike iron cold upon flint, or to stone upon stone you strike,
Outleaps the spark with its burning hint of the power in both alike.

Branches of wood that lie dead in the forest dark,
Rub them together rapidly, and lo, the living spark!
Through the whole world everywhere latent the wonder lurks,
In the depths of earth, in the heights of air forever the marvel works.

So the Spirit of God doth burn through the universe
He hath made, and from the delicate frond of the fern to the Pleiades' tangled braid.

Seeing we do not see; we hear, but who understands?
We can but bow the knee, and worship the work of His hands.

—CELIA THAXTER, in *Independent*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think. — *Longfellow*.

Apostles never wasted a moment on a gospel of patchwork. Their two-fold text was, turn to the Lord, which meant repentance; and cleave to the Lord, which meant a life of faith and holiness. — *Rev. T. L. Cuyler*.

And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that, instead of needing a larger field, we have left untillable corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye were it not for the softening shadow of the cross. — *Edward Garrett*.

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience. And little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven. — *H. E. Manning*.

Oh merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When men pass coldly by, Thy weakness show;
Thy charity I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines upon my lowly dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On benediction
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I might see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;
This darkness is a shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred;
Can come no evil thing.

— John Milton.

And "the grip" which has taken the world by the throat, and which has respect neither for age, nor rank, nor station, nor condition, strikes me as a rather unpleasant way God has of once in a while reminding humanity of its solidarity: that it was made of one blood—that all flesh is grass—that we all go together, kings and servants, millionaires and paupers; that the things in respect of which we differ are secondary and of small account, as, for instance, whether we shall live in a large house or a little one, whether we shall wear broadcloth or fustian, whether we shall dine on bread and water or on ten enjoyed courses; but that in respect of things in which we shall be alike—these are the great, important, and significant things of life, and they are meant to teach us kindness, and sympathy, and toleration, and to love and help one another the more. For by disease, or weakness, or pain, or sorrow, the foremost man of all this world is dragged down to a level with the lowest and obscurest man in all the world. Even the mighty Caesar, when he had a fever, did groan and cry: "Give me some drink, Titinius," like a sick

child. And so just now, in palaces and poor-houses, princes and paupers are all crying: "Some drink, doctor! Some antidote to cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the mind." For disease is a democrat; he is a leveller; he is a communist. He breaks down walls of partition between nations and classes, as Jesus Christ did between Jews and Samaritans; and disease teaches, like Christ, the solidarity of humanity—the brotherhood of man—that we all go together—that our differences are artificial, temporary, and trivial; but that our likenesses are natural, enduring, and serious. For in sickness, in pain, in sorrow, in death, we are all alike. And that is the moral of the Russian influenza; to remind us of our unity, of our brotherhood—to draw us closer together in sympathy and help. — *Rev. John R. Paxton*.

How can you live sweetly amid the vexatious things, the irritating things, the multitude of little worries and frets, which lie all along your way, and which you cannot evade? You cannot at present change your surroundings. Whatever kind of life you are to live, must be lived amid precisely the experiences in which you are now moving. Here you must win your victories or suffer your defeats. No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them, but here you are. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances. — *J. R. Miller*.

A fern told me that it was too bad to be always shut up in a shady place, and that it wanted to grow beside the red rose in the garden. The fern said: "I have as much right to be out in the sunshine as the rose has, and I will be out." I transplanted the little malcontent, and in one hot day the sun struck it dead with his dart of fire. Now if we be where Christ means us to be, in shade or in light, will grow according to His will. It shall be with us; but if we touch that which is forbidden, we shall be made to remember that it is written, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." — *Dr. Parker*.

A DREAM OF HOME.

JULIA A. TIRRELL.

MRS. HOLMAN'S eyes sparkled with anticipation as she arranged the furniture and lighted the lamps. An evening with all the family at home! Now that her husband's business cares were so numerous, and the boys and girls were becoming men and women, such occasions were rare. All day she had been thinking of the treat in store. Last night there had been a musical and a club meeting; the night before a fair, a lecture, and a business meeting; the regular class-meetings would be held to-morrow night; but this evening they might spend together as one family.

She opened the piano, placed the latest periodicals on one table, some fancy-work and her mending-basket on another, and then critically viewed the effect of her preparations. The room did look cozy and inviting. Unconsciously she hummed, "Be it never so humble, there's no place like home." Her pleasant meditations were interrupted by a step on the stair, and Helen entered, dressed for going out.

"O mamma, I forgot to tell you we have our missionary tea to-night, and I must be there. Sorry to leave you so much, but 'duty' calls, I must obey."

"That reminds me," called Sadie's voice from the darkness of the next room, "that reminds me that I have an engagement—our literary society, you know."

Then, advancing into the sitting-room, and seeing her mother's disappointed looks, she added, "It's too bad, mamma, dear. I'd rather stay home with you, but I'm reader for to-night. You won't mind very much, will you?"

Mrs. Holman smiled, "Oh, no!" With the smile came a sigh.

The girls were gone. Still Mr. Holman and Harry and Charlie were with her. They should have no reason to complain that home was not attractive. "She placed a dish of choice fruit where it would appear most tempting, and wheeled an easy-chair near the register. Why was Harry so long in his room? And why should Charlie be brushing his shoes at this hour? Scarcely were these questions asked, when the boys appeared, as if to answer them.

"Don't sit up for me to-night," said Harry. "There's a special meeting at the Lodge, and I'm afraid it won't be out very early."

"Off again, ma!" exclaimed Charlie. "Our nine are to elect new officers. It takes about all a fellow's time out of school to 'tend to things!'"

Another disappointment! It seemed only yesterday that they were little children at her knee, and the greatest grief they could know was separation from herself. Now the home ties were fast loosening—home itself would soon become only a place in which to eat and sleep.

Mr. Holman came in from the post-office. "Bad news. Smith and Jones have failed. Our Tradesmen's Union have called a meeting to talk over matters, so I must leave you again. How comfortable I look here! Well, well, if a man in business, he's got to sacrifice some things. Shall be at home more when I get rich. Please help me on with this overcoat."

Perhaps it was sentiment, perhaps it was weakness, but as the outer door closed, some emotion caused the lonely woman to cover her face with her hands and utter a cry that was almost a moan. Was this the pleasant fire-side gathering she had pictured to herself in her early married days? Was this the golden hour of all the day when by interchange of thought children and parents would grow nearer and dearer to one another?

But Mrs. Holman did not long yield to depression of spirits. She was a cheery woman who always saw the bright side of affairs. She had reason to rejoice that her children were interested in so many good causes. She felt proud of their position and promise. It was foolish to wish to keep them under her wing. Her husband, too, was fast gaining wealth and influence. How selfish she had been!

From the pile of papers beside her she carelessly lifted two or three. The first paragraph that met her eye read in this way:—"The family is a divine institution. One of God's greatest blessings may be found in this promise of setting the solitary in families. Even the universal church are called the whole family in heaven and earth. Let us guard jealously so precious a gift against anything that would destroy its influence."

Perhaps it was chance that led Mrs. Holman to turn to one of the numerous "organs"

to which they subscribed. To her mind there seemed a connection between the sentence just read and the words which now claimed attention:—

"No cause can succeed without organization. We must have more societies. Every town and village must have its union, club, or auxiliary. Let your watchword be, organize, organize, organize!"

COMFORT IN SORROW.

THERE are "light afflictions which are but for a moment"—afflictions that are medicinal and consolable. There are wounds that heal over, and leave scarcely a scar behind. There are sorrows that we shake off, as the flower shakes itself of dew at the first breath of the morning. There are griefs that yield to the voice of human sympathy, as the ivy-gates yielded to the touch of the fairy. At such times it is easy to "speak a word in season to him that is weary."

But there are afflictions of a far different character—afflictions that are immediate and unconsolable, almost; wounds that heal not; uprootings that shall bear no transplanting; losses which are to the life what the falling of an oak is to the vine that reared itself upon it—great, awful losses, for which, like Jacob of old, we "refuse to be comforted."

Yes, there are hours when "the waters come into our souls, when we sink in deep mire where there is no standing, when we come into deep waters where the floods overflow us; hours when 'that which we greatly feared is come upon us, and that which we were afraid of has come to us; hours when 'we are sore broken, and covered with the shadow of death.' "We wait for the light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness. The 'eyes fall with looking upward.' We walk in shadows; life seems a dumb show, and the sights and sounds of earth are to us only the airy decorations of a dream."

At such hours as these, how empty and ineffectual all human speech is—how utterly human speech! No words are strong enough to reach the depths of the heart's woe, and no song is sweet enough to touch the dull pain away. To no mortal man, perhaps, is given "the learning that knows how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

And yet, strange as it may seem, there are the very hours when the truths of holy religion stand out in a beauty and distinctness never known before. By a strange way of nature, the darkness that shuts out all near objects reveals the stars that shine in the far away. And so these great, overwhelming sorrows, that shut out all earthly helplessness, and discover the inadequacy of all earthly sympathy, reveal in fuller light the great, everlasting truths of religion—the great truths of God's fatherhood, and God's faithfulness, and God's unfeigned and eternal love, and God's present helpfulness in time of need.

And how real, how unspokeably real, seem the promises of the Old Book at such hours! Each promise shows "fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky." The words seem almost like voices from another world, as they come to us through the lullings of the storm: "In the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle He shall hide me; He shall set me upon a rock, and there shall I be safe; neither shall the tempest move me; neither shall the flood drown me; neither shall the wind break me." "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the heat kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

We cannot reason at such times; we can only trust. Just as a child rescued from some great danger, and left with fright, reason, nor thinks, but lies on his mother's bosom and drops away into sleep; so in these hours of extreme sorrow, we cannot reason, we cannot think; but in some new, strange way we feel that there is a great brooding Presence near us, and that Everlasting Arms are underneath us. In spite of all our doubts and fears, it is borne upon us with a power of reality we never felt before, that "behind the dim unknown standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own." And out of the darkness, with fragrant reason, and to a mother speaking tenderly to her afflicted child: "Hush, my child, lie still and slumber; holy angels guard thy bed." And we lean on the heart of the Infinite One, and trust. — *Rev. William Macfee*.

ABOUT MEN.

—Mr. Andrew Young, author of "There is a Happy Land," has just died at his residence in Edinburgh, at the age of 82.

The father of the late Robert Browning was once a clerk of the Rothschilds. The family is an old one, and the original name, as the poet told a literary friend, was De Bruni.

—M. Gounod, the famous musical composer, is a man of intense religious feeling. As he has grown older he has become more ascetic and exclusive in his habits, until to-day he lives almost the life of a hermit.

—Lafadio Hearn, author of "Chita," was born at San Mateo, Brazil, his mother a Greek, his father a British army surgeon. Mr. Hearn has long made the United States his country by adoption.

—Major Serpa Pinto, whose conduct of Portuguese affairs in Africa has won the ire of the British lion, is a native of Portugal, and forty-four years old. He joined the Portuguese army in 1863, and has made himself especially valuable to his country in the general European scramble for dominion in Africa.

—Henrik Ibsen's appearance is literally leonine, and would attract instant attention in any company. He is under rather than above the medium height, with very broad and square shoulders. His head is naturally large, and made to seem larger by the bushy mane of his iron-gray hair (now almost white) which frames it. His forehead is of abnormal height and development. Short-sighted eyes of a moist, chill gray look out steadily, and to all appearance unobtrusively, through gold-rimmed spectacles. A short and blunt nose, full-fleshed cheeks, and a very long upper lip surmount a mouth which gives the face its main character.

—Tippeco Tib, who has played such an important role in the Congo country for the last twenty years, is a man of fifty, of medium height and corpulent. His short beard and closely-cropped hair are grizzled. He is a half-breed, the son of a Zanzibar Arab and a woman of Bazamoyo. His bearing is full of dignity and his manners are distinguished.

—The marriage of George Augustus Sala, the London journalist, says an exchange, "will make it impossible for him longer to keep up a mode of living which has been the cause of a good deal of amusement and endless exasperation to London editors for a good many years. It has been Mr. Sala's custom for years to keep his residence an absolute secret. He has never permitted even his most intimate friends to know where he lived, and the result of this habit has been at times somewhat exasperating. His mail went to the newspaper office, or to the club, and whenever he had a big piece of work on hand which required steady attention he would disappear absolutely from view."

—Jules Verne, who lives at Amiens, is prevented from traveling and visiting the countries he wishes to describe, by the injury he received four years ago

when an insane nephew shot him in the leg. He lately said to a visitor:—

"I am now at my seventy-fourth novel, and I hope to write as many more before I lay down my pen for the last time. I write two novels every year, and have done so regularly for the last thirty-seven years. I do so every morning, never missing a day, and get through my yearly task with the greatest ease. I must tell you that I am very severe on myself, and that I correct and correct. The function of whetstone was never more rigorously performed by any author on his works than by me on mine. I will show you one of my manuscripts, and you will see that in every line there are numerous erasures. Then I copy and correct again, and then I re-copy. I often copy six or seven times before sending my copy to the printer, and then when my proofs come in I always find a quantity more corrections to be made. I don't believe in dashing off work, and I don't believe that work that is dashed off is ever worth very much."

AN AFTERNOON IN SLATER MUSEUM.

EVERETT H. SCOTT.

NOT that one afternoon is nearly sufficient for a careful examination of this fine collection—for it isn't; but let us suppose we are among the hosts of busy people from everywhere who visit the little city of Norwich to examine, as closely as an afternoon permits, this gem set in the beautiful town.

The pleasure and benefit which are in the power of a rich man to bestow on his native city, is forcibly impressed on the visitor as he enters the State Memorial Hall and sees the many interested faces of other visitors and hears the subdued hum of admiration. We are at once furnished with handy catalogues, and so equipped become as wise as the wisest, as far as identifying goes, at least. From the catalogue we learn that the casts we are about to examine have been selected and arranged under the skillful direction of Mr. E. F. Robinson, the curator of classical antiquities in Boston Museum, to whom Mr. Slater gave carte blanche in purchasing.

Turning to the left, after passing the entrance to the Museum proper, we find ourselves among the beginnings of Greek art. Beginnings we may well call them, for here are few traces of the work of the beauty-loving and beauty-carving Greeks. Old, old tombstones, relics of the sixth century before Christ, marred and worn and broken, are here reproduced in all their imperfections. A Metope dating from this same early period contains a head of Medusa, so grotesque in its ugliness as to remind one of a peculiarly choice Chinese idol or a modern newspaper portrait—a strong contrast to the later days of sculpture, when artists lavished their highest skill in the portrayal of the pathetic beauty of Medusa.

Passing on to the sculpture of a century later, an increasing skill shows itself in the representation of muscles and the sharper definition of limbs and features. There still remain, however, the spare, stiff body and the set smile on the lips, which detract greatly from the dignity which the figure might otherwise possess. Indeed, "The Spear-bearer," the work of the renowned Polykleitos, is the first we find which may be considered a model for artists. The youthful strength and beauty in this statue is wrought again in its neighbor, Myron's Diskobolus—a work too well known to need description.

A group from the Æginetan Temple of Athena represents the battle of the Trojans and Greeks over the body of Achilles at the moment of the intervention of Athena. It is noteworthy as combining the skill of the ancients in creation with the skill of the great modern sculptors, Thorwaldsen and Wagner, in restoration. Leaving the presence of majestic Athena, we find ourselves in the midst of an admiring knot of visitors who are finding it desperately hard to obey the command of "Hands off!" No wonder! Before us stands Praxiteles' charming work, "Marble Faun." The exquisite grace of the lithe, youthful figure appeals to the sightseer who is most ignorant of the technique of art as well as to the sensitive critic. Around this statue Hawthorne has woven his pathetic romance, while the thirty copies now in existence attest its popularity. Near by is another figure by Praxiteles, "Apollo Slaying a Lizard." This, like the Faun, takes the light-leaping attitude which is such a favorite with the great sculptor.

One department of the collection which is of great interest is the grave-stones, which we now reach. Many of the spectators who have been raving over the works of Praxiteles are passing these modest bas-reliefs without notice; but among them we shall find some of the most touching and human work of the whole Museum. Largely the work of common artisans, they are manifestly in many cases a "labor of love," and each picture some one of the familiar events in the life thus embalmed. "A Wife Bidding Farewell to her Husband," and "Hegeso," are two of a number, the latter especially being of remarkable beauty and expression.

Leaving the reliefs behind, we stand before the statue of Demosthenes by Polykleitos. The frail, spare body, the firm mouth, the massive brow—all the well-known characteristics of the great orator—are faithfully reproduced by the artist. Not far away is the "Dying Gaul," so long known as the "Dying Gladiator," from Byron's beautiful chrestening. The anguish revealed by every muscle gives a kind of nobility to the savage face as he wrestles with the enemy common to Greek and barbarian. Complete beauty and grace in the "Marble Faun," complete agony and strength in the "Dying Gaul"—such are the contrasts in the range of Greek sculpture.

"The Wrestlers," of Grecian design and restored by Michael Angelo, represents in a most life-like way two athletes, the one striving to complete a victory already sure, the other with every muscle strained to overthrow his antagonist and regain his lost advantage. The conqueror, with shoulder and knee pressed heavily upon the knotted back of the other, has already bowed him nearly to the ground, and the visitors feel an instinctive thrill of sympathy for the "under fellow."

And now, although we have only touched here and there among the hundred and twenty-four different casts illustrating Greek art, we must come away, leaving with scarcely a glance at the art of the Renaissance and the fine collection of photographs, armor, and coins. A last look about the Museum impresses one more strongly than ever with the completeness of the gift. The building, specially designed and built for holding the collection, the skillful arrangement of the casts, the fine effects of light and shade—everything seems in harmony and in the best of

taste. Yes, Norwich is a fortunate city to possess such an art treasure and such a rare man as its founder.

WHAT "COUSIN EUNICE" THINKS ABOUT IT.

DEAR JERUSA: I have been so stirred up by the doings of those big doctors in New York, that I must write to you. Why, they have dug up that old doctrine of Calvin about God's creating a part of beings to be saved and a part to be damned! I am so glad that I don't understand dead languages, that I simply read the Bible as translated, and as 'tis revealed to me; and I read there in Romans 8: 29, that whom God foreknew, them He chose. That horrid and absurd doctrine of election long since ceased to trouble me, since I read that God's knowledge went before His choice. Recently I say it, God cannot force the human will, and He cannot consistently with His attributes take away the power of choice from a human being. If He chose some, and left the others so they couldn't choose good, He would be violating His own laws.

It is all plain to me that God knew from the beginning who would accept His salvation; them He chose, them He loved. If He had decreed the damnation of even one soul, that soul would have a right to curse his Maker through all eternity. But perish the thought! for a God who could give His Son to die for the salvation of a world, could never be so inconsistent as to decree that some should not be saved. God's foreknowledge is a very different thing from a decree.

Now, Jerusa, why can't those learned doctors stop trying to uphold Calvin's theory, and read their Bibles in the light of God's love as revealed in Christ—and (Oh, dear! it is wrong for me to say it) in the light of common-sense and consistency? I am sorry they quarrel so about the matter, but God will bring good out of it, and I don't believe that infidels will make as much out of the matter as they are hoping to do.

Your cousin,

EUNICE.

Little Folks.

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While, blithely as a blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by.
These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by.

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?"
What hindered?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother."
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
He said that little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I said to the little lad;
I heard mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad.
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this many little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

—Golden Days.

ONE BOY'S EXPERIENCE.

"HERE, Charlie," the clerk kindly said.
The elevator boy approached the desk, a pleased, expectant look upon his face.
"Here are \$3 for you to take home to your mother," the clerk said, as he laid three bright coins on the counter.

"I was to get but \$2.50 a week," reminded Charlie.
"Oh, that's all right," rejoined the clerk. "The other half-dollar is a donation. You are really the best elevator boy we've ever had."

"Oh, thank you," cried Charlie, his eyes shining.
"Now, be on hand bright and early to-morrow morning, so—"

"To-morrow!" repeated Charlie, a disappointed look on his face.
"Why not to-morrow?" asked the clerk.
"It is the Sabbath," stammered Charlie.

"I believe it is," said the clerk, with a grin. "But the elevator isn't suspended for that reason. We'd soon hear from our guests."

"But, sir, I wouldn't like to work on Sunday," Charlie said, in sincere distress.
"Oh, nonsense, boy! You're a little Puritan. You think it wrong, do you?"

"Yes, sir. And—please, sir—I'd rather not come."

"Oh, well, suit yourself," growled the clerk.
"If you don't come on Sunday morning, you need not come on Monday."

Charlie sighed, picked up the money, and walked dejectedly away. A gentleman stepped into the office from the corridor.

"That elevator boy is a bright, little fellow," he said. "What is his name?"
"Charlie Benson," replied the clerk.

"What is his address?"
The clerk gave it, and the gentleman wrote it down in his pass-book.

"I think you made a mistake in discharging that boy," he said.

"I don't discharge him," replied the clerk. "Then he'll discharge himself. He has convictions, and is not afraid to voice them. Isn't there a boy about the hotel who hasn't scruples against working on Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Then let him run the elevator to-morrow," the clerk said. "I told Charlie what he might expect. He is the one to feel worried, not me. All days are alike here."

Charlie Benson's mother was a poor widow who lived in a topmost flat. The room was cleanly kept, but that did not hide its meagerness. A look of surprise mingled with the pallor of her face when Charlie handed her his week's wages.

"You think you pleased them, dear?" she asked.

"The clerk said that I'm the best elevator boy they ever had," reported Charlie.

"Why, that's encouraging!"

"But—"

"But what?" anxiously asked his mother, for he had paused, and a troubled expression rested on his face.

"I'm expected to work on Sunday," he said. "I'll not agree to that."

"Then you'll be dismissed, my boy."

"Yes, it resolves itself to that. If I do not go back to-morrow I'm not to go back at all."

The widow rocked herself to and fro, a vacant look on her face.

"And you are not going back?" she asked.
"No, mother," he resolutely said.
"All right," she replied, with a sigh. "I trained you up in that way, and though our distress is great, I'll not advise you to the contrary."

"I am doing right, mother, and the Lord will take care of us," Charlie solemnly said. "I am greatly disappointed, but something better will turn up—now, see if there doesn't."

And there did, early on Monday morning. A portly, genial, gentleman entered the room—the gentleman who had censured the clerk at the hotel.

"I wish to hire a boy," he said.
Mrs. Benson's face brightened.

"What did I tell you, mother?" whispered Charlie. Then he said aloud:
"I'll engage with you, sir. What am I expected to do?"

"I am a lawyer, and want an office boy. You can write, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir. A good hand, others say."

"Now give me your name."

"My name is Gilbert Farnsworth. Here is my card." He did not give it to Charlie, but to his mother.

"One thing more," Charlie hesitatingly said. "Am I expected to work on Sunday?"

"No," replied the visitor, explosively. "If I thought you'd work on Sunday I wouldn't want you."

At the close of the week Charlie could not cease sounding his employer's praises.

"Mother, I told you that God would take care of us, and that something better would turn up. Well, didn't He, and didn't there?"

"What do you think? He heard my talk with the hotel clerk, and got our address from him. He's a kind, considerate Christian gentleman. A handsome office, short hours, light work, good pay, and promotion just ahead. I work, and he has declared that I'm a good employee. A good employee, hand, that," he said. "No mistakes, no blots, no erasures, no pig-ears." I am glad I concluded not to go back to the hotel."

"I can see the Lord's hand in it all," his mother reverently said. — *Christian at Work*.

Bits of Fun.

—One swallow doesn't make a summer; but one grasshopper makes a great many springs.

—Standing side by side on Washington St. are the "Dwight" House and the "Moody" House. Now there is an "L." to either one of them, it is complete. See?

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON VIII.

Monday, February 23.

Rev. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

I. The Lesson Introduced.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." (Hebrews 2: 18).

2. DATE: A. D. 27, probably, in January.

3. PLACE: Probably in the region between Jerusalem and Jericho.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: Matthew 4: 1-11; Mark 1: 12, 13.

5. HOME READINGS: Monday, Luke 4: 1-13; Tuesday, Matthew 4: 1-11; Wednesday, Genesis 3: 1-7; Thursday, Hebrews 2: 14-18; Friday, Hebrews 4: 14-16; Saturday, Deuteronomy 8: 1-10. Sunday, James 1: 1-16.

II. The Lesson Story.

Shortly after His baptism, and acting under the impulse of the Spirit, Jesus withdrew from the fords of the Jordan, and sought seclusion in "the wilderness." In this dreary retreat, with no companions (according to Mark's account) but the wild beasts, He passed forty days in fasting—in a frame of mind probably too elevated to be conscious of bodily wants. At the end, when utterly exhausted and fevered by hunger, Satan seized his opportunity, and presenting himself in the guise of an angel of light, made his first trial of our Lord's loyalty by appealing to His bodily appetite, insinuating at the same time a distrust of His divine Sonship: "What, hungry, and you the Son of God? Prove your Sonship and relieve your hunger by a miracle! Turn these stones into bread!" But though sorely tempted to make trial of His miracle-working power for His own comfort and preservation—what will not a man do when maddened by hunger?—Jesus resolutely repelled the tempter by a single quotation from the Old Testament Scriptures: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone." Foiled by this answer, Satan changed his tactics. Flashing before our Lord's vision a panoramic succession of this world's kingdoms and dignities, with all their tempting power and glory, he promises to crown Jesus universal king and put into His hand the sceptre over all, if only He will bend the knee before him in one act of genuine homage. This audacious offer was met by an indignant repulsion: "Get thee hence, Satan!" followed by words which must have pierced like a sword to the very heart of this disloyal fallen spirit: "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and shalt only serve Him." The devil then made one final effort to lure our Lord from His divinely-appointed pathway of suffering and self-abnegation. Taking Him to the pinnacle of the Temple, He bade him leap to the court below, thereby gaining the suffrage of the world by a single brilliant exploit, and proving the genuineness of His title, which Satan still affects to question. The descent will be safe enough, the arch-hypocrite assures him, and plausibly backs up his assurance by flinging a text suited to his purpose: "It is written, He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: And in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." How far this temptation wrought with our Lord—how powerfully He was affected by it—we cannot conjecture; but that He recognized the presumptuous folly of the suggestion, is evident by His reply: "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The discomfited tempter abandoned the field. But the Victor was not left alone. Willing, watchful angels brought Him sustenance and comfort, and made the wilderness a paradise with their soothing, grateful ministry.

III. The Lesson Explained.

1. Being full (R. V., omits "being") of the Holy Ghost (R. V., "Holy Spirit") which had descended upon Him in a dove-like shape at His baptism. See John 3: 34.

2. Returned—"rather, went away" (Farrar). He left the place where John was baptizing. Was led by the Spirit:—"driven" by the Spirit, according to Mark; He followed the impulse of the Holy Spirit, though it led Him into temptation.

3. Wilderness—probably the wild, rocky region between Jerusalem and Jericho, though some authorities contend for Sinai. The high mountain near Jericho called Quarantania from the forty days' fast, is the traditional locality of the temptation. "Scripture everywhere recognizes the need of solitude and meditation on the eve of great work for God (Ex. 24: 2; 1 Kings 19: 4; Gal. 1: 17) (Farrar).

4. Being forty days.—The R. V. renders these words "during forty days," and connects them with a comma to the preceding verse. Jesus was under the Spirit's impulse, and subjected to Satan's trial during all the period. Our record includes only the final assault. "The number forty was connected in the Jewish mind with notions of seclusion, and revelation, and peril" (Farrar).

5. Tempted.—(R. V., "being tempted")—"This was the purpose for which He was led up"—that He might be proved by actual trial. Through His human nature, He was accessible to temptation—could feel its force; and in His human nature, fallible like our own, and with no other aid than that Spirit which the weakest of His followers may summon to His help, He met and vanquished temptation. On any other supposition, as Whedon plainly shows, He ceases to be our Example, "as One tempted like unto us." Of the devil—by the devil—a personality, not an influence. The word means, in the original, "slanderer," or "accuser." "The doctrine of the devil, as revealed in the Word of God, is that he is a created being, of a higher order than man, who has fallen away from God (Job 6: 5); that he is related to sin as its primal and seductive originator (John 8: 44); that he is an adversary, and tempter of God's people (Genesis 3: 1; Rev. 12: 9); that he stands in relation to the Redeemer as a conquered enemy (John 12: 31; Rev. 12: 9); and in relation to the redeemed as an enemy

absolutely vinible (1 Peter 5: 8, 9; James 4: 7); that he, nevertheless, continues to rage and persecute on earth (Rev. 2: 10; 3: 9) (Butler's Commentary). Hindered.—During the forty days the natural appetite was in abeyance under the sense of the Messianic powers which had been awakened in Him. Now the body makes itself felt at length in a feverish, imperative craving for food.

6. Observe the recurrence of "forty days" in the history of Christ. He was forty days before the presentation in the Temple; forty days in the wilderness before His entrance on His ministry; forty days after His resurrection before He presented Himself in the heavenly temple to God (Wordsworth).

7. The devil said.—It is the devil's way to attack us when we are weak and exhausted. If thou be (R. V., "art") the Son of God—more exactly, "since thou art;" implying either, 1, a sarcasm or taunt—"Thou—born in a stable, a Nazarene; or, 2, flattery; or 3, a doubt, a challenge—since Thou art such a lofty being, make the experiment and try your powers, and satisfy yourself beyond doubt. Command this stone—pointing perhaps to one of the stones lying around him, silicious accretions, which assume the exact shape of little loaves of bread" (Farrar). That it be made (R. V., "that it become") bread.—"Hunger will break through stone walls," the proverb runs, and our Lord must have been almost maddened by hunger after His prolonged fasting. "No temptation," says Geikie, "is more difficult to resist than the prompting to do what seems needful for self-preservation when abundant means are in our hands." And then, too, it seemed plausible. Why should He not? God had fed the Israelites with manna. An angel had pointed out the fountain to the fasting Hebrew. Elijah, too, had been fed by an angel in the wilderness—why should not He, the Son of God, faint and fainting, spread for Himself a table in the wilderness? It was a real temptation; and Jesus doubtless felt its force keenly, but not for an instant did He consent. He would not distrust His Sonship. He would not be beguiled into proving it either by taunt or flattery. Nor will He invoke miraculous power to relieve Himself from bodily discomfort while acting under the lead of the Spirit.

8. Satan tempts our Lord as he did Eve, by the bodily appetite. By this avenue he approaches the majority of mankind, and leads them into temptation. He tempts them by gluttony, drunkenness and debauches have fallen, and become the devil's prey.

9. It is written.—By the "word of the Spirit," the Word of God, a weapon which can be used by every one of His followers. Our Lord foils the tempter in this threefold trial: "not by miracles, but by Scripture" (Origene). Man shall not live by bread alone.—Deut. 8: 3 (Septuagint). The meaning is: Man should depend upon God. He taught the hungry Israelites in their forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, where there was no food, to live on His unfailing word of promise; and He fed them with manna, etc. I, too, depend upon Him. He will feed me when and how it seemeth best to Him. I live upon His word. My meat is to do His will. By every word of God—omitted in R. V.; probably imported from the parallel passage in Matthew.

10. A hint to honor the Old Testament, which is rendered emphatic by this particular quotation (Schaff).

11. And the devil, taking him up into a high mountain.—R. V., "And he led him up." The "devil" and "the high mountain" were probably added from Matthew. How this excursion was made, it is useless and needless to conjecture. No mountain however high could furnish a standpoint for any mortal eyes to behold all the kingdoms and their glory. In Matthew's account this temptation occupies the third place instead of the second as here. In a moment of time—an instantaneous flash which revealed all by a sort of "diabolical phantasmagoria," as Godet calls it.

12. All this power (R. V., "authority") I will give thee.—as much as to say, "It is all mine. I rule. My will is obeyed. My precepts govern. You have come as the Son of God to take it from me. The conflict will be hard. If you win, it will be by pain, sweat, and blood, and prolonged effort. See, I will give it all to you this instant, abdicate in your favor and without a struggle, for one act of homage. Says Schaff: "Religious worship is meant; devil worship in this case. Satan, fallen through ambition, would ask no less for his kingdom. His price is always exorbitant." (R. V., "hath been") delivered unto me—"hence the expressions, 'the prince of this world,' 'the prince of the power of the air'; Satan is in one sense a 'world-ruler of this darkness' (Eph. 6: 12) (Farrar). To whomsoever I will give it.—Compare Rev. 13: 2: "The dragon gave him his power and his seat, and great authority." "Here, however," says Farrar, "we note the exaggeration of the father of lies."

13. The offer made by the tempter rested on the apparent evidence of the world's history. The rulers of the world, its Herods and its Caesars, seemed to have attained their empires by trampling the laws of God under foot, and accepting office as the lord and master of the world (Elliott).—Many serve the devil far less than he here offered. A matter of half a crown, or ten groats, a pair of shoes, or some such trifles, will bring us on our knees to the devil (Bishop Hall).

14. Get thee behind me, Satan.—omitted in R. V.; another interpolation into this Gospel from Matthew's account. It is written, etc.—The old weapon never fails. The quotation is taken, with a slight variation, from Deut. 6: 13.

15. He brought (R. V., "led") him.—Our Lord's surrender, temporarily, to the power of Satan seems to have been complete. "We need not wonder," says Gregory, "at Christ permitting the devil to lead Him about, if He permitted the devil's servants to crucify Him." Pinnacle of the temple.—The floor of the temple, on Mt. Moriah, according to Josephus, was 200 feet in perpendicular height above the Vale of Kedron, and on this floor rose Herod's porch 100 feet higher. This may have been the "pinnacle," or, possibly, it was an elevation of the temple itself, overlooking the court and therefore public to the eyes of all. It—again insinuating doubt. Cast thyself down.—Do something brilliant—your will be safe. Show your trust in God and your belief in your Sonship by a single downward leap.

16. The first temptation had been to natural appetite and impulse; the second was to unbridled ambition; the third to rash confidence and spiritual pride. It was based, with profound ingenuity, on the expression of absolute trust with which the first temptation had been rejected. It asked, as it were, for a splendid proof of that trust, and appealed to perversity of spirit. It had none of the vulgar and sensuous elements of the other temptations. It was at the same time a confession of impotence: "Cast thyself down." The devil may place the soul in peril and temptation, but can never make it sin (Farrar).

17. "What is it written?"—"What is it I see?" Satan begins with a Bible under his arm and a text in his mouth! Having felt the power of the Word, he now tries it

(Bishop Hall). Satan's temptation is never so deceitful and dangerous as when he quotes (perverts) Scripture. Give his angels charge, etc.—Psa. 91: 11. This quotation sounded plausible and safe. No doubt Jesus might have cast Himself down without personal danger. No doubt He would have gained thereby the favor of the divinity, felt really tempted to forsake the divinely ordered pathway of suffering and death, and try His powers, and burst upon the world with a blaze of miracle. But the temptation, though doubtless felt, was not for a moment entertained. It was dismissed at once.

12. It is said.—In Matthew, "it is written." Our Lord's quotation is from Deut. 6: 16. Satan's quotation was true in itself, but false in its application. Many heresies have been built upon just such distorted use of isolated passages. There is a unity in the Scriptures, and for every thing that is "written" it is easy to find other things which will either confirm or modify it. Thou shalt not tempt, etc.—Thou shalt not challenge God to interpose and save you from the effects of rash confidence or presumptuous folly.

13. He departed.—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you" (James 4: 7). For a season—until a more favorable time, in the devil's estimation.

IV. The Lesson Illustrated.

The great decisive battle of obedience to God and resistance to sin had been gained, but the enemy would not confess a final defeat. This was pre-eminently the Temptation; but our Lord himself described His course as a scene of continued temptation (Luke 22: 28); and He had yet to secure the victory by that last agony in which "the prince of this world" came, but "found nothing" in Him. And so with His people: "they that endure unto the end shall be saved" (Smith).

The Malaysia Mission.

Inquiries and Objections Answered.

MR. EDITOR: Since the publication of my appeal on behalf of the "Singapore Academy," I have had several ask me the Missionary Committee does not supply the needs of so manifestly deserving and prosperous an institution. Alas! the answer is not hard to find. Because the Missionary Society's income during the past year barely enabled it to meet the current expenses of existing missions. To think of enlarging, to talk of further building, was impossible, for the simple reason that there were no funds to spare.

Then perhaps will come the retort, "If the Missionary Society cannot enlarge your work, why do you seek to do so?" Because when God opens the hearts of the heathen toward us, and His favor causes our schools to go forward "with leaps and bounds," we can scarcely be expected to refuse to seize the opportunity until some remote time when the state of the general treasury shall warrant our advance.

"But advance now will mean a constant increase of expense in the future." Not necessarily. Let it be clearly understood, our school work in Singapore pays its own current expenses. Some of the missionaries in the school receive half their salary from America, but they are supposed to give but half their time to the school and spend the remainder in study of the language and evangelistic work.

"These requests for special contributions reduce the amount raised for missions by the churches." Many of our best pastors and laymen tell me this is not true. What prevents a large increase in our missionary collections is partial lack of interest from partial lack of knowledge. When I sit down beside a man and tell him of our work, our thorough schools, our eager, inquiring students, our street-preaching, our tract-writing, etc., become to him a living embodiment of the reality of the work done by the Missionary Society. Any contribution he may make to my special project, so far from hurting his contributions to the church, is an earnest of future interest more keen and intelligent which must result in increased contributions. Besides, please bear in mind that the General Missionary Committee in Kansas City authorized the appeal to the churches in behalf of several enterprises in mission fields to which appropriations could not be made from the general treasury. The Malaysia Mission, considering its years, is one of the most inexpensive and successful missions of the church. All we ask at this present time from those who would befriend us, is help towards the putting down of further plants which when once in existence will cause no further expense for current charges.

I shall be very glad to answer any further inquiries, and shall be glad of any, even the smallest, contributions from those whose hearts are moved towards us.

W. F. OLDHAM, Sup't. Malaysia Mission.

Address: P. O., Springfield, Mass.

ROHLUND DISTRICT CAMP MEETING IN INDIA.

REV. E. N. PARKER, D. D.

There is no place like this camp-meeting to study the progress and prosperity of the work, and to ascertain the real spiritual condition of the converts. Three or four days before the time fixed for the meeting a number of the boarding schools for girls bring their girls and young ladies here for a good meeting run. The first question an observer asks is, "Are these orphan girls?" "No, they are the children of the native Christians." "But where do they come from?" "From 150 villages scattered over the district where Christians reside." "But have you Christians in so many villages?" "Yes, we have now Christians in over 600 villages and the number is increasing at the rate of nearly two hundred a year." "Well," says the observer, "the work is surely getting a foothold in the country."

The District Conference meets before the camp-meeting proper begins. Listen to the roll-call: 32 traveling preachers, 9 ordained local preachers, 68 local unordained preachers, 138 exhortors, 21 stewards, leaders, etc., who were not exhortors, 268 members. The largest presiding remarked that it was the largest roll he had ever heard called except in General Conference. The business of this day was done with real enthusiasm. The discussions were to the point, and participated in by all the grades of workers. The lectures and essays were notably good. Two—one on self-support, and one on hasty baptisms—called forth very earnest discussions before a crowded audience of 1,500 people. The conclusions reached were, that a systematic effort must be persisted in, for getting every person, however poor, to aid in supporting the pastors, and that as soon as a man receives Christ he should be baptized and separated from his heathen associations by joining the Christian band. Then he can be effectively taught.

When the reports came in, we found that 2,966 had been baptized this year, and that the Christian community had increased to 8,834, of whom 6,470 are communicants. When the preachers in charge, who had formed a cabinet with the presiding elder to arrange a complete list of appointments for

all preachers and teachers, handed the appointments to the Bishop to read, he read 205 appointments and 325 names of workers. The Bishop also visited the woman's conference of workers and found there 224 workers recorded, mostly wives of the teachers and preachers, and generally working without salary. This is one district, in Rohlund.

After the Conference work was over, the camp-meeting commenced. There were about 2,300 camped on the grounds. The people generally stopped in the little booths in native style, and the entire time was given up to meetings. Note, then, the "Young People's League" public meeting between the regular services. More than 600 educated, active Christian young people were present. Such a sight this part of India never saw before. Three hundred "King's Daughters" sold their meetings, all educated, bright women and girls pledged to active work for the Master. Two hundred children banded together to collect small sums for self-support made a nice show, and an "Anti-tobacco Army" had a "march past" before the camp-meeting, marshaling a thousand strong for clean lives and clean mouths.

At our regular services God was especially with us at every meeting. On Friday at the morning meeting forty were forward as seekers; in the afternoon forty more, and in the evening one hundred and fifty were seeking to know Jesus. At each meeting nearly all who were forward were blessed and were very ready to bear testimony. On Friday evening many also came as seekers for more complete fullness, beside the one hundred and fifty, so that we dismissed the audience and separated these two classes of seekers, and large numbers were wonderfully blessed. On Saturday the same work went on, until more than three hundred were happily converted, and all Christians were brought nearer to Jesus. These who were saved were mostly persons who had been baptized, but had not received the Holy Ghost. Such a work among such people, will live and grow.

Bishop Thoburn was present through our entire meeting, and took charge of most of the after meetings, helping all by his clear teaching of spiritual things. His ability to help people spiritually is very marked.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Every spring my wife and children have been afflicted with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores, round his head. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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Formerly of 61 Cambridge St.

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Manchester, N. H., Oct. 14, 1889.

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Yours sincerely,

HENRY W. BLAIR.

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FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, New York, Jan. 25, 1890.

Dear Sir:—I

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Yours sincerely,

R. B. MANTELL.

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, February 4.

Hon. Seth Low was inaugurated President of Columbia College.

The London Times settled the libel suit brought by Mr. Farnell by the payment of \$3,000.

The Sixth National Bank of New York has elected a new Board of Directors, and the latter has organized with Charles H. Leland as president.

The Dr. Cullis Consumptives' Home is to be removed from Grove Hall to Wellesley Hills, and a new church is to be built on Huntington Avenue.

The Republicans, for the first time during the session of this Congress, had a quorum present yesterday, and Mr. Smith, the Republican contestant from West Virginia, was seated.

Wednesday, February 5.

The U. S. Senate voted to ratify the Samoan treaty.

The funeral of Mrs. Alice Copinger, daughter of Secretary Blaine, occurred in Washington.

Among the messages of condolence received by Secretary Tracy was one from Queen Victoria.

England will agree to the holding of a conference to settle the Anglo-Portuguese dispute.

The owners of docks and warehouses in London have formed a union to fight the laborers' union.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the United States Supreme Court was held in New York yesterday.

Secretary Tracy is recovering. He was removed to the White House yesterday. Mrs. Wilmerding and her daughter were also better yesterday.

The libel suit of Rev. Dr. Ball of Buffalo against the New York Evening Post, growing out of the Cleveland scandal in 1884, was put on trial in Buffalo yesterday.

Heavy rains in California have caused serious freshets. A bridge was undermined by the flood and led a construction train fall into the abyss, killing 10 and wounding 16 men.

A Charleston jeweler was knocked down and beaten and robbed in his own store by a couple of soundreels, who escaped with about \$1,500 worth of plunder.

The militia force of the United States which may be available in an emergency is placed at 7,362,171. The regular organized militia, however, only numbers 103,392 men and 8,502 officers.

The policy of removing all pension officials whose pensions were renewed under Corporal Tanner's direction has been applied to First Deputy Commissioner Smith. He received more than \$6,000 arrears.

The Duke of Montpensier, Antoine Marie Philippe Louis d'Orleans, died yesterday at San Lucas. He was the fifth son of Louis Philippe and was 66 years old. He was the father-in-law of the Count of Paris, his oldest daughter having married that prince in 1848.

Mr. Soames, the solicitor for the Times, says that the Times will only pay ordinary costs to Mr. Farnell, and that Mr. Farnell is not released from the payment of the interlocutory costs which were awarded to the Times, nor from the costs of the abortive Scotch and Irish actions.

At the Quebec parliament house yesterday, the standing committee on railways passed Mr. Rhodes' bill to incorporate the Quebec and Boston Air Line R. R. Co. The capital stock of the company is to be \$1,000,000 divided in shares of \$100 each. It is expected that the railway will be completed within ten years from the passing of the act.

Thursday, February 6.

The Duke of Montpensier left a fortune of \$20,000,000.

The New York State Senate at Albany failed to pass the World's Fair bill.

There was a \$300,000 fire in Brooklyn last night. Six firemen were injured.

Gideon P. Brown was in the Insolvency Court at Dedham yesterday and took the poor debtor's oath.

Portland, Me., was visited by a serious fire last evening, owners of wharf property being the heaviest losers.

Heavy rains and melting snow have caused disastrous freshets in Oregon, Washington and California. The losses are said to be enormous.

At the suggestion of Emperor William, it is proposed to hold an international convention with the view of ameliorating the condition of the laboring people.

The British steamer "Thanemore" arrived at this port yesterday. She had a very rough passage, and rescued seven men from a sinking ship after five of the crew had perished.

President Van Horn of the Canadian Pacific Railway thinks that a journey around the world can be made in 38 days a few years hence, when the great transatlantic railroad across Russia is complete.

The American Axe and Edged Tool Company was formed at Pittsburgh and comprises all the axe and edged tool companies in the country. The capital stock of the new concern is \$4,000,000. The company will employ 10,000 men.

In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Blair discussed the common school bill, and Mr. Sherman introduced a joint resolution congratulating Brazil. In the House, the Speaker ordered the Journal, and by a tight understanding between Republicans and Democrats no business was transacted.

Friday, February 7.

Hon. A. W. Ward was nominated to succeed Collier Saltzman at Boston.

The Australian Federation Conference was opened in Melbourne, and much enthusiasm was manifested.

An explosion occurred in a colliery in Wales by which 150 lives were lost; over 300 miners were imprisoned.

Satisfaction is expressed in Germany over the confirmation by the United States Senate of the Samoa Treaty.

Lord Salisbury has arranged for the immediate occupation of the Makolalo country and the Shire River district in Africa.

The session of the Shipping League in Washington was largely attended, and resolutions endorsing the Farquhar bill were passed.

The new railway bridge across the St. Lawrence at Coteau Landing, a mile and three quarters long, will be opened for traffic on Monday next.

Mr. Carnegie offered to spend not less than \$1,000,000 for a central free library and branches for the city of Pittsburgh, provided the city will maintain them.

The Colored Convention at Washington elected F. B. S. Pinchback president of the new organization and adjourned after issuing an address to the country.

The municipal authorities of Lisbon have given 100 votes to the national defence fund. The Archbishop convened the clergy and directed them to collect funds for this purpose in every parish.

In the Senate, the Oklahoma Territory bill was considered. Mr. Blair resumed his speech on his educational bill. In the House, Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, reported the new code of rules; a bill for the relief of the survivors of the Samoa hurricane disaster was passed.

Saturday, February 8.

Forty liquor saloons were raided in Manchester, N. H., yesterday.

French-Canadians have adopted a resolution declaring for an independent nationality.

The 1,000 employees of the Nashua, N. H., Manufacturing Company are out on a strike.

Ex-President Claassen, of the Sixth National Bank of New York, was released from jail yesterday at \$30,000.

At least 170 bodies had been removed from the English coal mine which caught fire a few days ago.

Switzerland has accepted Emperor William's invitation to send delegates to an international labor conference at Berlin.

The libel suit against the New York Evening Post, brought by Rev. Dr. Ball of Buffalo, has been decided in favor of the Post.

Gen. Salasman, Captain General of the Island of Cuba, died Thursday evening. General J. Chinchilla, formerly Minister of War, has been appointed to succeed him.

Alaska shaft, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's largest colliery, closed indefinitely yesterday. One thousand hands are thrown out of employment.

Gov. Hill, of New York, sent a message to the Legislature strongly urging the immediate passage of the World's Fair bill as it was originally presented, and promising his approval of the bill if it passed.

A very severe gale struck some portions of Virginia and Pennsylvania yesterday, accompanied by rain, snow and hail. Buildings were unroofed and others leveled. In Pittsburgh the snow was heavy enough to stop the horse cars.

At Blairville, Pa., a glass factory was blown down, killing two men, and wounding others.

A sensation has been created in Paris by the arrival there and prompt arrest of the young Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the Count de Paris, and pretender to the throne. The young prince's visit to France may have been only a harmless escapade, but it may also have been for the purpose of making a coup d'etat in favor of the royalists.

Monday, February 10.

Wingate Hall, of the State College, Orono, Me., has been destroyed by fire.

A serious railway accident was caused yesterday by a careless brakeman near Harrisburg, Pa.

The damage by the flood in the vicinity of Los Angeles, Cal., is estimated at about \$750,000.

The owners of the American vessels seized off the San Blas coast will demand damages of the Colombian Government.

Hon. Charles E. Whitin, president of the Paul Whitin Manufacturing Company of Whitinsville, died in New York Saturday night.

It is believed that the rance plant may prove a rival to the cotton plant, a process having been discovered by which rance can be made into cloth.

Gen. William T. Sherman celebrated his 70th birthday Saturday. He passed the day very quietly, giving a dinner party to his intimate friends at his home in New York.

Cardinal Pecci died of pneumonia in Rome Saturday. He was a brother of the Pope, was born at Caprineto, Italy, in 1810, and was an important personage in the Sacred College by reason of his energy, sagacity and services.

An entire family of six persons perished near Kingston, N. Y., on Sunday. Four children were skating and went through the ice, and the parents, who attempted a rescue, were also drowned.

THE CONFERENCES.

[Continued from Page 5.]

less than half their usual numbers, and church work has been seriously interfered with. Among those who have suffered the most may be named Rev. W. I. Todd and family, of Belton Falls. A succession of ailments have afflicted the entire family, and at this writing the condition of both children is more or less critical.

Also at Hartford, Bro. Pliny Smith, who had been for more than fifty years a member, and for most of the time a steward of the church, quietly passed to his rest on Saturday last week. Having an excellent tenor voice, and a good knowledge of music, he served the church very faithfully as chorister for many years until his health failed. He will be long and gratefully remembered.

Mrs. E. A. Barrett, Conference president of the W. H. M. S., has been visiting some of the churches in this locality in the discharge of her important official duties, delivering addresses and organizing local societies. Her work is highly commended by those who have heard her. This week she is visiting some of the more important churches in the Montpelier District, and later will visit other parts of the Conference.

Rev. J. G. Switzer, of Bradford, has just had the misfortune to lose a superior English beaver overcoat. He was in attendance at a public meeting in his own village, and left his coat hanging in the entrance hall with numerous articles of wearing apparel. Some articles of value were in the pockets. During the meeting, or immediately thereafter, the coat was taken, and nothing left in its place. The taking of the coat has very much the appearance of theft, nothing having since been heard from it.

At Wilmington, Pastor Tucker and Sunday-school superintendent Johnson have jointly issued a circular letter addressed to the members of the church and congregation, asking their attention to the consideration of their duties severally in relation to giving to the Sunday-school their largest support. The appeal is nicely made and ought to do good. Other pastors and superintendents might possibly try to do likewise, to the advantage of their Sunday-schools.

Montpelier District.

Cabal is having quiet but steady and substantial growth. The number of meetings has been increased, and conversions are quickened by the heart of the pastor. Nearly every week some come to Christ, and a goodly number have been taken on probation.

In response to a request for something in regard to the observance of the day of prayer for colleges, Principal Bishop writes as follows:—

"January 30, 1890, was a memorable day at the Seminary. For some time it had been on the minds and hearts of both faculty and students as the subject of much earnest thought and prayer. The public services at 10.30 A. M. and 7 P. M. were of a social character and largely attended. Our pastor, Presiding Elder, Trust, Father Currier, Brothers H. F. Reynolds, of Chelsea, L. E. Taylor, of Underhill, and G. T. Raymond of the Baptist church at Montpelier, were present at one or both of the services and rendered efficient aid. The forenoon meeting was in many respects one of the best I have ever attended. The Holy Ghost was present in power and greatly quickened the heart of our students who were here to Christ. During the afternoon meetings were held in students' rooms, at which the 'form of the fourth' appeared. In one room there came the Holy Spirit as in days of old. The moistened eyes and happy faces of the students bore testimony to the divine presence. The evening meeting, at which two more came out for Jesus, will not soon be forgotten. We sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The interest is so great that we are to hold special meetings every evening this week. I am inclined to say that the day was the best I have spent on Seminary Hill. The effect is most marked on the 75-1-2 students who are already Christians, and others are under deep conviction. Pray for us."

RENEWAL.

JOSEPH COOK.

REPORTED BY REV. F. B. GRAVES.

II.

After a brief invocation by the lecturer, and the singing of a hymn which was "intended to teach not only national but international patriotism," the prelude to the second lecture, on

"Race Riots in the South"

was begun. We have conquered secession, Mr. Cook said, but not nullification, which is the supreme crime of the South to-day. One of the chief crimes of the North is the political indifference to this crime of the South. The party in power is not faithful to some of its pledges. There are now 5,000 newspapers to which this lecture is sent by a New York syndicate. The cancer of caste clings to the Tropics of Cancer. Your poor white laborers in the South begin early in the morning and close about ten o'clock in the morning; and beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon until the cool of the evening. The colored laborer works from six to six. He does not mind the vertical rays of the sun. You know what effluvia comes to Englishmen even in Bombay, largely from the effects of the climate. The continuity of heat is depressing. It is the fate of the sub-tropical regions to have racial and industrial problems. There is immense wealth in these regions, and the white race wishes to offend them. We shall find that almost every branch of this Southern problem is the result of the climate. The standards of Northern labor will never be carried to the Gulf. But caste grows out of climatic conditions, and the old industrial arrangements of slavery. The conditions of positive barbarism exist in the rural regions of the South.

The Southern problem is complex: (1) Constitutional; (2) Political; (3) Educational; (4) Racial. The sporadic secessionism does not respect law and order. This is the mark of the illiterate class in the South, which is made up of the same class as constituted the pro-slavery mob; (5) Race; (6) Climate. The color of the skin is no more to me than the color of the eyes. We are not so bleached as the Norwegian and the Swede, therefore we are inferior! The tints grow deeper the nearer we get to the equator and beyond it.

I am not moved by Southern vituperation of the North on this question of color. But we have prejudices here which must be eradicated. As slavery more than any other cause brought the ruin of Rome, so dishonor put upon the black women in the South will do more than anything else to bring about an insurrection there, if one ever comes.

Mr. Cook then mentioned thirteen causes of the race-riots in the South, of which the following were the chief: (1) Climate; (2) Color; (3) Caste; (4) Greed; (5) Poverty; (6) Intemperance; (7) Impurity.

What are the remedies? (1) Education of both whites and blacks. I believe in national aid of education, for a limited period, under adequate safeguards. (2) Execution of the 14th and 15th Amendments. Europe is studying these amendments, but to us, thus far, they are sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. We must weed out of Congress the fraudulent representatives of the North. The North will not lie down quietly and submit to the disfranchisement of 50,000,000, or 25,000,000, or even 10,000,000 of its citizens. I fear before the close of this century there will be bloody episodes in the South in the development of this problem, unless justice is done to our colored brother. (3) Constitutional federal election laws honestly executed by both parties. (4) Emigration of the negro from the South, I do not believe is a remedy. (5) An improvement in the industrial condition of the South. (6) Federal appointments made at home and abroad of men who are not still under the heel of the old slave oil-garchy. (7) Immediate and continual elimination of fraudulent representatives in Congress.

Then followed the lecture with the title of "The Regeneration of Africa."

Mr. Cook said: My chief anxiety in this brief calling life is to follow the divine program in history. What have we seen of this great arc of God's purposes? Three great events match their colors so mysteriously together that I can but see the hem of God's garment: The abolition of slavery from the valley of the Mississippi, the valley of the Amazon, and the opening of the valley of the Congo. Christianity has lighted her lamps south of the Sahara. Political and commercial greed is after the palm-oil and ivory of Africa. It is high time that America helps to suppress the slave-trade and the run-trade on sea and on land, according to the treaty of the Ashburton Treaty. Run destroys more in Africa than the Arab slave-trade. I have not the slightest doubt of God's victory on the Congo; and I ask you to make His program yours.

What are some of the remedies for destroying the slave-trade and the run-trade in Africa? We should assist England in putting down the slave-trade on the African coast; and Congress should assist a line of steamers to found trade on the Congo. Why are we so torpid in this matter? What has Africa to offer? Palm-oil, ivory, camphor, spices, india-rubber and cotton. Railways are netting Africa. America is helping. This commercial greed will do much to lift up Africa. I do not underestimate it. Shall the European or the Arab govern Africa?

And then the free States on the Congo contain tribes of great promise. They are sprightly, alert and intelligent. The negro is not black, but bronze in color. Africa must be regenerated by Africa, as both Webster and Everett long ago taught. The negro is not a nation as we are, but he is a Christian; but whether on the American or the African sky, we shall find God writing messages to the oppressed. Go free. "Preach the Gospel to every human creature."

At the close of the lecture Hon. John M. Langston, of Petersburg, Va., who is now contesting for a seat in Congress, made an eloquent defense of the colored race, of which he is an honored representative.

China is noted for its Great Wall and its Tea Gardens; and if you want to see a book full of lovely photographs of Chinese Tea Gardens and Tea culture, send your address to the great Tea and Coffee house of Messrs. Chase & Sanborn 68 Broad St., Boston, Mass., and they will send you FREE by return mail a souvenir volume that will delight you. When you get it you will know more about Tea and Coffee than you ever thought of knowing.

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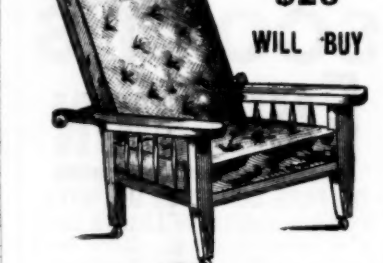
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